THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

A Comedy.

As it was Preſented with good Applauſe in the private Houſe in *Drury-Lane.*

By Her Majeſties Servants.

Written by *James Shirley*, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Leake*, at the Crown in *Fleetſtreet*, between the two Temple Gates.

To the Right Honourable,

FRANCIS

EARL of RUTLAND, &c.

My moſt honoured LORD,

WHen the Age declineth from her primitive vertue, and the Silken wits of the Time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledg'd Maſter, learned JOHNSON*) diſgracing Nature, and harmonious Poeſie, are tranſported with many illiterate and prodigious births, it is not ſafe to appear without protection. Among all the names of Honour, this Comedy oweth moſt gratitude to your Lordſhip, whoſe clear teſtimony to me was above a Theater, and I applaud the dexterity of my Fate, that hath ſo well prepared a Dedication, whither my only ambition would direct it. I am not pale, to think it is now expos'd to your deliberate cenſure; for 'tis my ſecurity, that I have ſtudied your Lordſhips Candor, and know you imitate the Divine nature which is mercifull above offence. Go on great Lord, and be the volume of our Engliſh honour, in whom while others, invited by their birth, and quickned with ambitious emulation, read and ſtudy their principles, let me be made happy enough to admire, and devote my ſelf,*

Your Lordſhips moſt humble creature:

James Shirley.

Persons.

Duke of *Savoy*, Lover of *Leonora*; and in her supposed losse, of *Cleona*.
Lodwick, his Brother, wild and lascivious.
Foscari, a noble Count, and Lover of *Cleona*.
Grimundo, a Lord, and once Governour to *Lodwick*.
Soranzo.
Giotto. } *Noble men of* Savoy.
Fabrichio.
Piero, Companion of *Lodwick*.
Jacomo, a foolish ambitious Steward to *Cleona*.
Valentio, a religious man.
Abbot.
Gent.
Servants.
Satyrs.

Leonora, the Princess of *Millan*, but disguiz'd as a Page to *Foscari*, and call'd *Dulcino*.
Astella, a vertuous Lady, Wife to *Lodwick*, but neglected.
Belinda, Wife to *Grimundo*.
Cleona, *Foscari*'s Mistris.
Ladies.
Nymphs.

The Scene SAVOY.

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

ACTVS 1. SCÆNA 1.

Enter Soranzo, Giotto.

Giotto.

THe Duke is mov'd.

Sor. The newes displeas'd him much.

Giot. And yet I see no reason why he should engage so great affection to th' Daughter
Of *Millan*; he nere saw her.

Sor. Fame doth paint
Great beauties, and her picture (by which Princes
Court one another) may beget a flame
In him to raise this passion. *Giot.* Trust a pencill.
I like not that State-woing: see his Brother *Enter*
Has left him. Pray my Lord how is it with *Lodwicke.*
His Highnesse?

Lodw. Somewhat calmer, Love I think
Will kill neither of us: although I be
No Stoick, yet I thank my Starres I have
A power o'r my affection, if hee'le not
Tame his, let it melt him into Sonnets,
He will prove the more loving Prince to you.
Get in again, and make wise speeches to him,

There is *Ariſtotles* Ghoſt ſtill with him,
My Philoſophical Governour that was:
He wants but you two, and a paire of Spectacles,
To ſee what folly 'tis to love a woman
With that wicked reſolution to marry her.
Though he be my elder Brother, and a Duke,
I ha more wit: when there's a dearth of women
I may turn fool, and place one of their Sexe
Neerer my heart: farewel, commend me to
My Brother, and the Councel-Table. *Exit*

Sor. Still the ſame wild Prince, there needs no character
Where he is, to expreſſe him.

Giot. He ſaid truth;
I doubt there is no roome for one, whom he
Should place in's heart, and honour.

Sor. His own Lady
All pity her misfortune, both were too
Unripe for *Hymen*, 'twas the old Dukes act,
And in ſuch marriages hearts ſeldom meet
When they grow older.

Giot. Wherefore would the Duke
Marry his young ſonne firſt?

Sor. The walke of Princes,
To make proviſion betimes for them:
They can bequath ſmall legacy, knowing th' heir
Carries both ſtate and fortune for himſelf,
His fate's before him, here comes *Grimundo!*

Enter Grimundo.

Grim. The Duke is recollected, where's the Prince?

Sor. Gone.
I would he were return'd once to himſelf.

Giot. He has too ſoone forgot your precepts.

Sor. Your example might ſtill be a Lecture,

Grim. I did not deceive the old Dukes truſt
While I had power to manage him,
Hee's now paſt my tuition, but to the Duke——
Is it not ſtrange my Lord, that the young Lady
Of *Millan*, ſhould be forc'd to marry now, with
Her Uncle? *Giot.* They're unequal.

Sor. 'Tis unlawful,

Grim.

Grim. 'Tis a trifle, reasons of State they urge
Against us, least their Dukedome by this match,
Be subject unto *Savoy*, for the scruple
Of Religion, they are in hope that
A Dispensation may be procur'd
To quit exceptions, and by this means
They shall preserve their Principality,
I'th name and blood, so reports *Fabrichio*
Whom the Duke imployed for treaty: how now?

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. The Duke calls for you my Lords.
Giot. We attend, Ha? he is coming forth.

Enter Duke and Fabrichio.

Sor. His looks are chearful. *Duke. Fabrichio?*
Fabr. My Lord. *Duke.* We will to Tennis.
Fabr. What your Grace please.— *Duke. Grimundo?*
Because you take no pleasure in such pastimes,
Your contemplation may busie it self with that book.
Grim. Book my Lord, it is
Duke. Leonora's picture, a fair Table-book,
You may without offence to your young wife
Look on a picture.
Millan and we are parted, our breast weares
Again his natural temper, allow me pray
The excuse of common frailty, to be moved
At strangeness of this newes.
Giot. Your Highness said, You would to Tennis.
Duke. And 'tis time enough,
We have the day before us: some Prince *Grimundo*
In such a case as this would have been angry,
Angry indeed, thrown of cold language, and
Call'd it a high, and loud affront, whose stirring
Imagination would have weakened Death,
And by a miserable warre, have taught
Repentance, to a paire of flourishing States,
Such things there have been?
Sor. But your grace is wise——
Duke. Nay, do not flatter now, I do not Court
Your praise so much, I speak but what our stories
Mention, if they abuse not soft posterity:

I was not come to tell you, what my thoughts,
With a strong murmure prompt me too.
Grim. We hope——
Duke. Ye fear, and do not know me yet, my actions
Shall clear your jealousie, I'me reconcil'd
At home, and while I cherisht a peace here,
Abroad I must continue it, there are
More Ladies i'the world? *Fabr.* Most true my Lord.
Duke. And as attractive great, and glorious women,
Are there not, ha? *Sor.* Plenty my Lord i'the world.
Duke. I'the world, within the confines of our Dukedome
In *Savoy*, are there not? *Grim.* In *Savoy* too.
Many choise beauties, but your birth my Lord——
Duke. Was but an honour purchas'd by another,
It might have been thy chance.
Grim. My Father was — No Duke.
Duke. 'Twas not thy fault, nor ist my vertue,
That I was born when the fresh Sunne was rising,
So came with greater shadow into life,
Than thou or he. *Grim* But royal Sir be pleas'd —
Duke. No more, weare not ignorant, you may
Take away this distinction, and alledge
In your grave wisdoms, specious arguments,
For your alliance with some forraign Prince,
But we have weighed their promising circumstance,
And find it only a device, that may
Serve time, and some dark ends, a meer state trick,
To disguise hatred, and is empty of
Those benefits, it seems to bring along:
Give me a Lady born in my obedience,
Whose disposition, will not engage
A search into the nature of her Climate,
Or make a scrutiny into the Starres:
Whose language is mine own, and will not need
A smooth Interpreter, whose vertue is
Above all titles, though her birth or fortune,
Be a degree beneath us, such a Wife
Were worth a thousand far fetcht Brides, that have
More state, and lesse Devotion.
Fabr. If your Highnesse——

Duke.

Duke. Come you shall know our purpose, in the last
We obay'd your directions, not without
Our free and firm allowance of the Lady
Whom wee'l forget, it will become our duties,
Follow us now, we have not been unthrifty
In our affections, and I must tell you
Here we are fixt to marry. *Grim.* We are subjects,
And shall solicit Heaven, you may finde one
Worthy your great acceptance.
Duke. We are confident,
And to put off the cloud we walk in, know
We are resolv'd to place all love and honour
Upon *Cleona.* Nor is't a new affection, we but cherish
Some seeds, which heretofore her vertue had
Scattered upon our heart. *Grim.* We cannot be
Ambitious of a Lady, in your own
Dominion, to whom we shall more willingly
Prostrate our duties. *Soran.* She's a Lady of
A flowing sweetnesse, and the living vertue
Of many noble Ancestors. *Giot.* In whom
Their fortunes meet, as their Prophetick souls
Had taught them thrifty providence, for this
Great honour you intend her. *Duke.* We are pleas'd,
And thank your general vote:
You then shall straight prepare our visit, bear our
Princely respects, and say we shall take pleasure
To be her Guests to day: nay lose no time,
We shall the sooner quit the memory
Of *Leonoraes* Image. *Enter* Lodwick.
Soran. The Prince your brother Sir?
Duke. Withdraw, but be not at too much distance.
Lodwick. Y'are welcome.
Lodw. I shall know that by my successe, I want
A thousand Crowns, a thousand Crowns.
Duke. For what?
Lod. Why will these foolish questions ne'e be left,
Is't not sufficient I would borrow em,
But you must still capitulate with me?
I would put em to that use they were ordain'd for;
You might have well have ask't me, when I meant

To

To pay you again. *Duke.* That to ſome other men
Might ha been neceſſary. *Lodw.* And you wo'not
Do that, I have another eaſie ſuit to you. *Duke.* What is't?
Lodw. A thing of nothing; I wo'd intreat you
To part with this ſame tranſitory honour,
This trifle call'd a Dukedome, and retire
Like a good Chriſtian Brother, into ſome
Religious houſe, it would be a great eaſe to you,
And comfort to your friends, eſpecially
To me, that would not trouble you with the noiſe
Of money thus, and I could help it.
Duke. 'Tis a kind and honeſt motion, out of Charity,
Meere Charity, ſo I muſt needs accept it——Why?
Ile only marry, and get a boy, or two,
To govern this poor trifle, for I'me bound
In duty, to provide for my ſucceſſion.
Lodw. What do you make of me, cannot I ſerve?
Duke. You that propound a benefit for my ſoul,
Wo'not neglect your own I know: wee'le both
Turn Fryers together?
Lodw. And be lowſie? *Duke.* Any thing.
Lodw. I ſhall not have a thouſand Crowns?
Duke. Thou ſhalt.
Lodw. Then be a duke ſtill; come, lets love, and be
Fine Princes: and thou hadſt but two or three
Of my conditions, by this hand I wo'd not
Care and thou wert immortal, ſo I might
Live with thee, and enjoy this worlds felicity.
Duke. T'haſt put me in tune, how ſhals be very merry
Now in the inſtant? *Lodw.* Merry?
Duke. Yes. *Lodw.* Merry indeed?
Duke. Yes. *Lodw.* Follow me.
Ile bring you to a Lady. *Duke.* To a Whore.
Lodw. That is a little the courſer name.
Duke. And can you play the Pander for me?
Lodw. A toy, a toy.
What can a man do leſſe for any brother?
Th'ordinary complement now a days, with great ones,
We proſtitute our ſiſters with leſſe ſcruple
Than eating fleſh on vigils; 'tis out of faſhion

To

To truſt a ſervant with our private ſins;
The greater tye of blood, the greater faith,
And therefore Parents have been held of late
The ſafeſt wheeles on which the childrens luſt
Hath hurried into act, with ſupple greatneſſe.
Nature doth wear a vertuous charm, and will
Do more in ſoft compaſſion to the ſin,
Than gold or ſwelling promiſes.

Duke. O *Lodwick*!
Theſe things do carry horror, he is loſt
I fear; no I ha thought of ſomething elſe,
You ſhall with me to a Lady.

Lodw. With all my heart. *Duke.* Unto my Miſtreſſe.

Lodw. Your Miſtreſſe, who's that?

Duke. The fair *Cleona*. *Lodw.* She is honeſt.

Duke. Yes, were ſhe otherwiſe, ſhe were not worth my viſit;
Not to loſe circumſtance, I love her.

Lodw. How? *Duke.* Honeſtly.

Lodw. You do not mean to marry her?

Duke. It ſha'not be my fault if ſhe refuſe
To be a Dutcheſſe. *Lodw.* A'my Conſcience,
You are in earneſt. *Duke.* As I hope to thrive in deſires, come
You ſhall bear me company, and witneſſe
How I woe her. *Lodw.* I commend
Your nimble reſolution; then a Wife
Muſt be had ſomewhere, wo'd y'ad mine, to coole
Your appetite, take your own courſe, I can
But pray for you; the thouſand Crowns——

Duke. Upon condition, you'l not refuſe, to Accompany.——

Lodw. Your Caroach quickly—ſtay——
Now I think better on't, my Wife lives with her,
They are companions, I had forgot that?

Duke. Shee'l take it kindly.

Lodw. It were enough to put her
Into conceipt, I come in love to her;
My Conſtitution will not bear it.

Duke. What? Not ſee her?

Lodw. Yet a thouſand Crowns—God buy
Condemne me to my wife. *Exit.*

Duke. Ye hear Gentlemen?

Grim.

Grim. With grief my Lord, and wonder at your ſufferance.
Duke. He is our Brother, we are confident
Though he be wild he loves us, 'twill become
Us t' pray and leave him to a miracle,
But to our own affair.
Love and thy golden Arrow, we ſhall trie,
How you'll decide our ſecond Deſtinie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Foſcari *with a Letter.*

Foſc. A kiſſe, and then 'tis ſealed; this ſhe would know
Better than the impreſſion, which I made,
With the rude ſignet; 'tis the ſame ſhe left
Upon my lip, when I departed from her,
And I have kept it warm ſtill, with breath,
That in my prayers have mentioned her.

Enter Dulcino.

Dulc. My Lord?
Foſc. *Dulcino* welcome: Thou Art ſoon return'd.
How doſt thou like the City?
Dulc. 'Tis a heap of handſome building.
Foſc. And how the people?
Dulc. My converſation hath not age enough
To ſpeak of them, more than they promiſe well
In their aſpect: but I have argument
Enough in you, my Lord, to fortifie
Opinion, they are kind, and hoſpitable to Strangers.
Foſc. Thy indulgence to my wound,
Which owes a Cure unto thy pretty Surgery,
Hath made thee too much Priſoner to my chamber,
But we ſhall walk abroad. *Dulc.* It was my duty?
Since you receiv'd it in my cauſe; and could
My blood have wrought it ſooner, it had been
Your balmy Fountain.
Foſc. Noble youth, I thank thee. *Enter Servant.*
How now, didſt ſpeak with him?
Serv. I had the happineſſe, My Lord, to meet him
Waiting upon the Duke abroad: he bid me
Make haſte with the remembrance of his Service:
He'll bring his own joys with him inſtantly,
To welcome your return.

Foſc.

To welcom your coming. *Fosc.* Didst thou request
His secresie? *Ser.* I did, he promis'd silence.
Fosc. So, I'le expect him, thou art sad *Dulcino*,
I prophesie thou shalt have cause, to bless
The minute, that first brought us to acquaintance.
Dulc. Do not suspect my Lord, I am so wicked,
Not to do that already, you have saved
My life, and therefore have deserv'd that dutie.
Fosc. Name it no more, I mean another way.
Dulc. It is not in your power, to make me Richer,
With anie benefit, shall succeed it, though
I should live ever with you. *Fosc.* I require,
Not so much gratitude. *Dulc.* There is no way
Left for my hope, to do you any service,
Near my preserving, but by adding one
New favour, to a suit, which I would name.
Fosc. To me, I prethee speak, it must be something
I can deny thee. *Dulc.* 'Tis an humble suit,
You license my departure.
Fosc. Whither? *Dulc.* Any whither.
Fosc. Do you call this a way to do me service?
Dulc. It is the readiest I can studie Sir;
To tarrie were but to increase my debt,
And waste your favours; in my absence, I
May publish, how much vertue I have found
In *Savoy*, and make good unto your fame.
What I do owe you here, this shall survive you,
For I will speak the story with that truth,
And strength of passion, it shall do you honour,
And dwell upon your name sweeter than Myrrhe,
When we are both dead? *Fosc.* Thou hast art, to move
In all things, but in this, change thy desire,
And I'le denie thee nothing; do not urge
Thy unkind departure, thou hast met perhaps,
With some that have deceiv'd thee with a promise,
Won with thy prettie looks and presence; but
Trust not a great man, most of them dissemble,
Pride, and Court-cunning hath betrai'd their faith,
To a secure Idolatry, their soul
Is lighter than a complement; take heed,

They'le flatter thy too young ambition,
Feed thee with names, and then like subtle Chimists
Having extracted, drawn thy spirit up,
Laugh, they have made thee miserable. *Dulc.* Let
No jealousie my Lord, render me so
Unhappie, that preferments or the flatteries
Of anie great man hath seduc'd my will
To leave you. *Fosc.* Still I suspect thy safety?
And thou maist thus deceive me, it may be,
Some wanton Ladie hath beheld thy face,
And from her eyes shot *Cupids* into thine.
Trust not the innocence of thy soul too far,
For though their bosoms carrie whiteness, think,
It is not snow, they dwell in a hot Climate,
The Court, where men are but deceitful shadows,
The women, walking flames; what if this Ladie
Bestow a wealthie Carkanet upon thee,
Another give thee Wardrobes, a third promise
A Chain of Diamonds, to deck thy youth,
'Tis to buy thy vertue from thee, and when
Thy outside thrives, upon their treacherous bountie
Th' outstarve at heart, and lust will leave thy bodie
Manie unpitied Ruines, thou art young—
Dulc. There is no fear my Lord, that I shall take
Such wicked courses, and I hope you see not
Anie propension in my youth, to sin
For pride, or wantonness. *Fosc.* Indeed I do not,
But being my boy so young, and beautiful,
Thou art apt to be seduc'd. *Dulc.* Believe me Sir,
I will not serve the greatest Prince on earth
When I leave you. *Fosc.* Thou shalt not serve me, I
Will make thee my companion. *Dulc.* No Reward,
Though just, should buy the freedom I was born with,
Much less base ends, if I but meet agen
That good man, who in Reverence to his habit,
The theeves let go before your happie valour
Came to my Rescue. *Fosc.* He that was your Conduct
From *Millan*, for so—if I remember
You named a Father, what could he advantage
Your fortune, were he present, more, than with
Religious Counsel?

Dulc.

Dulc. I did trust him Sir,
As being the safest treasurer, with that
Would make me welcom in *Savoy*, and
I know he will be faithful, when we meet.
For his sake let me beg you would discharge
A worthless Servant, that inquest of him——
Fosc. No more, to cut off all unwelcom motives,
I charge thee by thy Love, thy Gratitude,
Thy life preserv'd, which but to stay thee here,
I would not name agen; urge no consent
From me, to thy departure, I have now
Use of thy faith, thou wo't not run away;
I have employment for thee, such a one
As shall not onlie pay my services,
But leave me in arrerage to thy love.
Receive this letter. *Enter* Grimundo.
Let me embrace thee with a spreading arm.
Grim. I have dispens'd with my attendance on
The Duke, to bid you welcom Sir from death;
Fame so had couz'nd our belief, but thus
She has made you the more precious.
Fosc. Then I prospered,
If I may call it so, for I procur'd
That Rumour to be spread, excuse a minute,
I'le tell thee all my Counsels, I need not
Waste anie instructions on thee *Dulcino*,
For the conveyance of this paper, let me
Commend it to thy care, 'tis to my Mistress,
Conceal my lodgings, and do this for him
Will study noble Recompence.
Dulc. You command me. *Exit.*
Grim. What prettie youth is that? sure I have seen
That face before. *Fosc.* Never; I brought him first
To *Savoy*, having rescu'd him from the
Bandetti, in my passage ore the Confines:
Is't not a sweet-fac'd thing? there are some Ladies
Might change their beauties with him.
Grim. And gain by it.
Fosc. Nay, to his shape he has as fine a Soul,
Which graceth that perfection. *Grim.* You ha not

Been long acquainted with him? *Fosc.* I have skill
In Phisnomy: believe my Character,
He's full of excellent sweetness. *Grim.* You express him
Passionately. *Fosc.* His vertue will deserve
More praise, he suffers sir for love, in that
He is a Gentleman; for never could
Narrow and earthly minds be capable
Of Loves impression, or the injurie—
He willinglie forsook his friends and Countrey,
Because unkindlie for unworthie ends,
They would have forc'd him marrie against his heart,
He told me so himself, and it were sin
Not to believe him: but omitting these,
How fares the best of Ladies, my *Cleona?*
Grim. Your *Cleona? Fosc.* Mine, she is in affection,
She is not married? *Grim.* No.
Fosc. She is in health? *Grim.* Yes.
Fosc. There is something in thy looks, I cannot
Read, be thy own gloss, and make me know
That doubtful Text, to whom hath she given up
The hope of my felicity, her heart,
Since my too fatal absence? *Giot.* Unto none,
Within the circle of my knowledge. *Fosc.* Then
I am renew'd agen, may thy tongue never
Know sorrows accent. *Grim.* Will you presentlie
Visit her? *Fosc. I* have sent a letter, to
Certifie, I am still her loving servant.
Grim. No matter, we'll be there before the boy,
There is necessity, if you knew all:
Come lets away. *Fosc.* Agen thou dost afflict
My Soul with jealousie, if she have still
The clear possession of her heart. *Grim.* But you are
Dead Sir, remember that. *Fosc.* I shall be living,
And soon enough present my self her fresh
And active Lover. *Grim.* If the Duke be not
Before you. *Fosc.* How?
Grim. The Duke, 'tis so resolv'd,
Your Rival, if you still affect *Cleona*,
Within this hour, he means his first sollicite
And personal siege; loose not your self with wonder,

If

If you neglect this opportunitie,
She having firm opinion of your death,
It will not be a miracle, if the Title
of Dutcheſs be a ſtrong temptation
To a weak woman. *Foſc.* I muſt thank your love,
And counſel, but for this time diſingage
Your further ſtay with me, the Duke may miſs you,
Preſerve his favour, and forget me in
Your conference, I would be ſtill conceal'd;
Let me conſider on my fate, agen
I thank you, and diſmiſs you. *Grim.* Quiet thoughts
Dwell in your breaſt, in all things I obey you;
You know you have my heart. *Noſc.* She's but a woman:
Yet how ſhall I be able to accuſe her
With anie juſtice, when ſhe thinks me dead.
The Duke, I muſt do ſomething, I am full
Of diſcord, and my thoughts are fighting in me.
From our own Armie muſt ariſe one fear,
When Love it ſelf is turn'd a Mutineer.

ACTUS. 2. SCÆNA. 2.

Enter *Facome, the Steward, and Servants.*

Fac. So, ſo, yet more perfume, y' are ſweet Servingmen, make everie corner of the houſe ſmoke, beſtir your ſelves, everie man know his Province, and be officious to pleaſe my Lady, according to his talent; have you furniſht out the banquet?

Serv. Moſt Methodicallie.

Fac. 'Tis well, here ſhould have been a freſh ſuit of Arras, but no matter, theſe bear the age well, let 'em hang.

Serv. And there were a Maſk to entertain his Highneſs?

Fac. Hang Masks, let everie conceit ſhew his own face, my Ladie would not diſguiſe her entertainment, and now I talk of diſguiſing, where's the Butler? *Butl.* Here Sir.

Fac. Where Sir? 'tis my Ladies pleaſure that you be drunk to day, you will deal her Wine abroad the more liberallie among the Dukes ſervants, you are two tall Fellows, make good the credit of the Butterie, and when you are drunk, I will ſend others to relieve you:

you: Go to your ſtations, if his Grace come hither a Sutor to my Ladie, as we have ſome cauſe to ſuſpect, and after marrie her, I may be a great man, and ride upon a Reverend Moyle by patent, there is no end of my preferment; I did once teach my Ladie to dance, ſhe muſt then teach me to riſe: for indeed it is juſt, that only thoſe, who get their living by their legs, ſhould ride upon a Foot-cloth.

Serv. Here's a young Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with my Ladie. *Jac.* More young Gentlemen? tell him I am buſie.

Serv. With my Ladie—— *Jac.* Buſie with my Ladie Sir?

Serv. Would ſpeak with my Ladie Sir?

Jacom. I ha not done with my Ladie my ſelf yet, he ſhall ſtay, 'tis for my Ladies State, no time to interrupt my Ladie; but now? I'le know his buſineſs, and taſte it for my Ladie; if I like it, ſhe ſhall hear more, but bid him come to me, methinks I talk like a peremptorie Stateſman alreadie, I ſhall quicklie learn to forget my ſelf when I am in great office; I will oppreſs the Subject, flatter the Prince, take bribes a both ſides, do right to neither, ſerve heaven as far as my profit will give me leave, and tremble onlie at the ſummons of a Parliament. Enter *Dulcino.*

Hum, a Page, a verie Page, one that would wriggle and prefer himſelf to be a Wag, 'tis ſo, have you anie letter of commendations? *Dulc.* I have a Letter Sir.

Jac. Let me ſee the complexion of the face, has it a handſom Title Page, is it *Stilo novo?*

Dulc. I have command Sir, to deliver it
To none but to my Ladie.

Jac. A forward Youth, I like him, he is not modeſt, I will aſſiſt his preferment, to engage him to my faction, a ſpecial Court-policie, ſee my Ladie. Enter *Cleona, Aſtella, Belinda.*

Cleona. Yet ſtay *Belinda* — *Bel.* I beſeech you Madam
Allow excuſe to my abrupt departure.
There is a buſineſs of much conſequence,
And which you will not mourn to ſee effected.
Beſides the dutie that I owe my Lord,
Compells me to it Madam. *Cleon.* Well, but that
We are acquainted with your vertue, this
Would move ſuſpition you were not in
Charitie with the Duke. *Bel.* You are pleaſant Madam.

Cleon. You are ſevere to bind your ſelf too ſtrictlie

From

From Court and entertainments, ſure your Lord
Should chide you for it. *Aſtel.* If it pleaſe you ſtay,
Your Ladiſhip and I'le converſe together,
My unkind Fate hath indiſpoſed me,
To theſe State Ceremonies too.
Bel. You will oblige me by your pardon?
Cle. Uſe your pleaſure.
Aſt. Nay you ſhall give me leave a little further,
Here I am uſeleſs. *Exeunt Aſtella, Belinda.*
Fac. May it pleaſe you Madam,
This prettie Gentleman has a ſuit to you,
And I in his behalf; he will be ſerviceable
And active in his place, a friend of mine.
Dulc. Your Steward Madam is too full of zeal
To do me a preferment, but I have
No other ambition, than to commend
This paper to your white hands. *Fac.* Never doubt,
'Tis done, be bold and call me fellow. *Cleon.* Be
You circumſpect I pray, that all things have
Their perfect ſhape and order to receive
The Duke: you know our pleaſure, not to ſpare
Or coſt or ſtudie to delight his highneſs.
Fac. I hope I have not been your Steward ſo long,
But I know how to put your Ladiſhip
To coſt enough without ſtudie. *She reads.*
Cleon. Shall I credit
So great a bliſs? the date is freſh, *Foſcari*
Whom I thought dead? give him five hundred Crowns.
Fac. We will divide em. *Cleon.* Stay.
Fac. You need not bid,
I uſe to make em ſtay, and long enough
Ere they receive ſuch bounties. *Cleon.* Treaſure is
Too cheap a payment for ſo rich a meſſage.
Fac. This is the right Court largeſs.
Cleon. The day breaks glorious to my darkned thoughts,
He lives, he lives yet; ceaſe ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me: prethee ſpeak ſweet Youth,
How fares my Lord? upon my Virgin heart
I'le build a flaming Altar, to offer up
A thankful ſacrifice for his Return

To life, and me; ſpeak and increaſe my comforts:
Is he in perfect health?

Dulc. Not perfect Madam, until you bleſs him with
The knowledge of your conſtancie.

Cleon. O get thee wings and flie then,
Tell him my love doth burn like veſtal fire,
Which with his memory, richer than all ſpices,
Diſperſed odors round about my ſoul,
And did refreſh it when 'twas dull and ſad,
With thinking of his abſence. *Jac.* This is ſtrange,
My Ladie is in love with him. *Cleon.* Yet ſtay,
Thou goeſt too ſoon away, where is he, ſpeak?

Dulc. He gave me no Commiſſion for that Ladie,
He will ſoon ſave that queſtion by his preſence.

Cle. Time h'as no feathers, he walks now on crutches,
Relate his geſture when he gave thee this,
What other words, did mirth ſmile on his brow,
I would not for the wealth of this great world,
He ſhould ſuſpect my faith, what ſaid he prethee?

Dulc. He ſaid, what a warm lover, whom deſire
Makes eloquent could ſpeak. *Jac.* I have found it,
That boy comes from the Duke, that letter love,
'Twill be a match, and pleaſe your Ladiſhip———

Cleo. Forbear your Ceremonies, what needs all this
Preparation, if the Duke vouchſafe
His perſon for my gueſt, dutie will teach me,
To entertain him without half this trouble;
I'le have no Ryot for his Highneſs. *Jac.* Hum?
How's this? *Cleo.* Be leſs officious, you forget——
Sweet Youth, go forward with thy ſtorie. *Jac.* Hum?
This is a Fayrie, and the Devil ſent him
To make my Ladie mad, 'twere well to trie
Whether he be fleſh and blood, ha, I'le pinch him firſt.

Cleo. How now? *He pinches Dulcino.*

Jac. My care ſhall ſee nothing be wanting, for
Your honour, and the Dukes. *Cleo.* Your place I ſee,
Is better than your manners, go too, be
Leſs troubleſom, his Highneſs brings intents
Of grace, not burden to us, know your dutie.

Jac. So, I were beſt keep my ſelf warm with my own

office,

office, while I may, the tyde is turn'd I see within two minutes, here was nothing but look to the Gallerie, perfume the Chambers, what Musick for the Duke, a Banquet for the Duke, now, be less officious, We'll have no Riot for his Highness, 'tis this Urchin h'as undone all our preferment.

Cle. The Suns lov'd flower, that shuts his yellow Curtain,
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising, with my parting Lord,
I clos'd all my delights, till his approach,
It shall not spread it self. *Enter Gentleman.*

Gent. Madam the Duke?

Cleon. Already. *Enter Astella and Ladies.*

Ast. He is entred. *Cleon.* Do not leave me,
I shall remember more. *Enter Duke, Fabrichio, Soranzo, Giotto.*

Duke. Excellent *Cleona.*

Cleo. The humble dutie of a Subject to your Highness.

Duke. Rise high in our thoughts, and thus
Confirm we are welcom, to these eyes, our heart,
Shall pay a lower dutie, than obedience
Hath taught your knee. *Cleon.* Your Grace much honours me,
Till this white hour, these walls were never proud,
T' inclose a guest, the genius of our house,
Is by so great a presence wak'd, and glories,
To entertain you. *Duke.* Every accent falls
Like a fresh Jewel, to encrease her value,
We can but thank *Cleona.* *Cleon.* Royal Sir ——

Duke. Let me revoke that hastie syllable,
But thank thee; yes, we can do more, and will,
We have a heart to do't, our much griev'd Sister
I know you do not wear this sadness for
Our presence. *Ast.* If I've anie skill in mine own eys,
Since they beheld you, they have looked
More chearfullie, than they were wont.

Duke. And yet I see a tear is readie to break prison.

Ast. It is of joy to see you sir in health,
I hope the Prince is well? *Duke.* He will be so
Astella, when he leaves to be unkind
To thee, but let's forget him. *Dulc.* Fame ha's not
Injur'd him, in the character of his person.
And his shape promiseth a richer Soul,

I feel a new and fierie ſpirit dance,
Upon my heart-ſtrings. *Duke.* We are come
My fair *Cleona.* *Cleo.* With your Highneſs pardon,
That name was never ſo attended, it
Becomes your bountie, but not me to wear
That Title.
Duke. What? *Cleo.* Of fair my Lord?
Duke. I ſaid you were my fair *Cleona*—
Cleo. Sir? *Duke.* I did apply,
I hope 't does not offend to call you ſo,
Y' are yet my Subject.
Cleo. When I leave that name, may heaven—
Duke. Be pleas'd to change it for a better.
Cleo. It cannot. *Duke.* Do not ſin, 'tis in our power
With your conſent, to work that wonder Ladie.
Cleo. I want my underſtanding. *Duke.* I'le explain,
Cleo. Do not believe him Youth, by all the faith
Of Virgins, I'le not change my ſervice, to
Thy Maſter for his Dukedom. *Dulc.* Y' are too Noble.
Duke. What boy is that? Ha *Giotto?*
Dulc. Madam, the Duke obſerves us. *Duke.* I ha ſeen him.
It is no common face. *Soran.* My Lord we know not.
Duke. VVhere is *Grimundo?* *Giot.* Not yet come my Lord.
Duke. Send for him ſtrait, and bid him bring the picture
VVe gave into his keeping, yet forbear,
It is in vain. *Soran.* My Lord, *Cleona* waits
Your farther Courtſhip. *Duke.* VVhither am I carried?
Cleo. I hope, dread Sir, my houſe affords no object,
To interrupt your quiet. *Duke.* None but heavenly,
Or could this Roof be capable of ill,
Your onlie preſence Ladie would convert it,
There is a vertuous magick in your eye.
For whereſoere it caſts a beam, it does
Create a goodneſs, y' ave a handſom boy.
Dulc. The Duke is troubled? *Cleo.* He's a prettie Youth.
Dulc. I hope he wo' not take me from my Ladie,
I'le ſay I am her ſervant. *Duke.* Something binds
My ſpeech, my heart is narrow of a ſudden:
Giotto take ſome opportunitie
To enquire that Youths condition, name, and Countrey,

And

And give us private knowledge, to cut off
* Circumſtance Ladie, I am not your freſh,
And unacquainted Lover, that doth waſte *Soranzo whiſpers with Facome.*
The tedious Moons with preparation
To his amorous ſuit, I have been *Cleona*,
A long admirer of your Vertues, and
Do want the comfort of ſo ſweet a partner,
In your young ſtate.

Cleo. You mock your humble hand-maid.

Soran. A ſtranger ſaiſt?

Fac. He brought ſome welcom letter
To my Ladie. *Sor.* Not know his name, nor whence?

Fac. No my good Lord. So ſo, I like this well,
My Ladie does applie her to the Duke,
There is ſome hopes agen things may ſucceed;
This Lords diſcourſing with me, is an Omen
To my familiaritie to greatneſs.

Duke. Grimundo not come yet? I am not well.

Cle. Good heaven defend, Angels protect your Highneſs.

Duke. Your holie prayers cannot but do me good.
Continue that devotion, Charitie
Will teach you a conſent to my departure.

Cleo. I am unhappie. *Duke.* Make me not ſo Ladie
By the leaſt trouble of your ſelf; I am
Acquainted with theſe paſſions, let me breath
A heart upon thy lip; farewell, agen
Your pardon. *Exit.*

Soran. 'Tis a verie ſtrange diſtemper,
And ſudden: Noble Ladie we muſt wait
Upon the Duke. *Exeunt.*

Fac. My bud is nipt agen,
Would all the banquet were in his bellie for't.

Dulc. Let not my eyes betray me. *Fac.* I'm ſick too;
Let not your Ladiſhip repent your coſt,
I'le have a care the ſweet-meats be not loſt. *Exit.*

Cleo. Acquaint him with theſe paſſages of the Duke,
Tell him I long to ſee him, and at laſt,
To crown the ſtorie, ſay my heart ſhall know
No other love but his. *Dulc.* I flie with this
Good news. *Exit. Dulc. Enter Fac.*

Jac. Madam, here is Prince *Lodwick*.

Cleon. Attend him. *Jac.* Moſt officiouſly.

Cleon. Stay, it can do no harm.

Aſt. Een what you pleaſe.

Cleon. If he enquire for his Lady, anſwer
She is not very well, and keeps her Chamber.

Jac. Ile ſay ſhe's dead if you pleaſe, 'tis my duty:
Ile never ſpeak truth while I live that ſhall
Offend your Ladiſhip.

Cleon. You may hear all, *Enter* Lodwick *and*
And when you pleaſe appear. Piero.

Lodw. Sick; where's her Doctor?
Ile be acquainted with him. Noble Lady.

Cleon. Your Grace is here moſt welcome.

Lodw. I am bold?

Pier. I am happy that my duty to the Prince
Brought me to kiſſe your hand.

Cleon. Beſide the honour done to me, your perſon
Will add much comfort to *Aſtella*, your
Weak Lady.

Lodw. She is ſick; mend, let her mend, ſhe'll ſpend her time worſe, yet ſhe knows my mind, and might do me the courteſie to die once; I'de take it more kindly, than to be at charge of a Phyſician.

Cleon. You wo'd not poiſon her?

Lodw. I think I muſt be driven to't; what ſhall a man do with a Woman that wo'not be ruled. I ha' given cauſe enough to break any reaſonable womans heart in *Savoy*, and yet you ſee how I am troubled with her: but leave her to the Deſtinies. Where is my Brother all this while? I came to meet him; what, is't a match already? when ſhall we dance and triumph in the Tilt-yard, for honour of the high and mightie Nuptials? where is he?

Cleon. My Lord, he is gone.

Lodw. How? *Cleon.* Diſtempered.

Lodw. Not with Wine? *Cleon.* Departed ſick.

Lodw. She jeers him: By this lip Ile love thee, and thou wot abuſe him; I knew he would but ſhame himſelf, and therefore durſt not come with him for my own credit; I warrant he came fierce upon thee with ſome parcel of Poetry, which he had conn'd by heart out of *Taſſo*, *Guarrini*, or ſome other of the ſame melt-

ing

ing Tribe, and thought to have brought thy Maiden Town to his obedience, at the first noise of his furious Artillery.

Cleon. My Lord, you understand me not, your Brother
Is not in health; some unkind pain within him
Compell'd him to forsake us. *Lodw.* Is it true
That he is sick? My Brother sick *Piero.*

Pier. I am very well here.

1. *Lady.* So am not I: pray sir appear more civil,
Or I shall leave you.

Lodw. True? *Cleon.* 'Tis too true my Lord.

Lodw. No, no, Truth is a vertuous thing, and we cannot have too much on't. D'ye hear, if I may counsel you, be wise, and stay for me; you may be my Wife within this month, and the Dutchesse too.

Cleon. Your Wife my Lord; why you are married,
What shall become of her? *Lodw.* Is she not sick?

Cleon. But are you sure she'l die?

Lodw. What a ridiculous question do you make: If death wo'not take a fair course with her, are there not reasons enough in State think you, to behead her; or if that seem cruel, because I do not affect blood, but for very good ends, I can be divorc'd from her, and leave her rich in the title of Lady *Dowager.*

Cleon. Upon what offence can you pretend a divorce?

Lodw. Because she is not fruitful; is not that a sin?

Cleon. Would your Lordship have her fruitful, and you
Ne'r lie with her?

Lodw. Have not I known a Lady, whose husband is an Eunuch upon Record, mother to three or four children, and no free conscience but commends her?

Cleon. But these things wo'not be easily perfect, unless
You were Duke to enforce em.

Lodw. Is not my Brother in the way? sick already, and perhaps as fit for heaven as another; I know he cannot live long, he's so well given, they never thrive, and then d'ye think Ile keep such a religious Court; in this corner lodge a Covy of Capouchins, who shall zealously pray for me without Stockins, in that a nest of Carthusians, things which in fine turn to Otters, appear flesh, but really are fish: No, no, give me a Court of flourishing pleasure, where delight in all her shapes, and studied varieties every minute courts the soul to act her chief felicity.

Cleon.

Cleon. Do you never think of hell?

Lodw. Faith I do, but it alwaies makes me melancholy, and therefore as seldome as I can my contemplation shall point thither; I am now in the spring of my life, winter will come on fast enough; when I am old, I will be as methodical an hypocrite, as any pair of Lawn Sleeves in *Savoy*.

Cleon. I dare not hear him longer: Madam, release me.

Enter Astella.

Lodw. How now; whence come you? were you sick?

Ast. At heart my Lord, to think of your unkindnesse.

Lodw. At heart: Ile ne'r believe without inspection. Am I unkind? go to, there's not a friend in the whole world can wish you better: Would you were canoniz'd a Saint, 'tis more than I wish my self yet; I do not trouble thee much on earth, and thou wert in heaven I would not pray to thee, for fear of disturbing thy Seraphical devotion.

Ast. What sin have I committed deserves
This distance?

Cleon. In Christian charitie salute her.

Lodw. I would not have your Ladiship too ventrous,
The air is somewhat cold, and may endanger
A weak body.

Ast. If the suspicion that I am unchaste——

Lodw. Unchaste; By this hand I do not know an honest woman in the Dukedome.

Cleon. How, my Lord: what do ye think of me?

Lodw. I know not whether you be a woman or no, yet.

Cleon. Fie, my Lord.

Lodw. What would you have me do? I have not seen her this six months.

Ast. O rather, my Lord, conclude my sufferings,
Than thus with tortures lengthen out my death:
Oh kill me, and I beseech you; I will kisse
The instrument, which guided by your hand,
Shall give my grief a period, and pronounce *Enter* Grimundo.
With my last breath your free forgivenesse.

Lodw. No, kill your self, more good will come on't: how now? nay then w'are like to have a precious time on't.

Cleon. The Duke, my Lord, enquired for you.

Grim. I met
His Highnesse in return, and he imploy'd me To

To bring back knowledge of his better health;
Which, he ſays, ſhall enable him but to
Expreſſe how much he honours fair *Cleona.*

Cleon. I am his ſtudious ſervant, and rejoice
In this good news: Your Brother is recovered.

Lodw. I, I, I knew he would do well enough: Now ſir?

Grim. I have ſome buſineſſe with you, my Lord,
Were you at opportunity.

Lodw. Some moral exhortations; they are fruitleſſe: I ſhall never eat Garlick with *Diogenes* in a Tub, and ſpeculate the Stars without a Shirt: Prithee enjoy thy Religion, and live at laſt moſt Philoſophical louſie.

Grim. My deſign is of another nature.

Cleon. May I obtain ſo great a favour Sir,
You'ld be my gueſt in abſence of the Duke;
I'm but ambitious to remember
His health in *Greek* Wine.

Lodw. So this Lady will be temperate, and uſe me but like a Stranger, without preſſing me to inconveniences of kiſſing her, and other ſuperſtitious Courtſhip of a husband.

Cleon. I will engage ſhe'll not offend you.

Lodw. And yet it goes againſt my conſcience to tarrie ſo long in honeſt companie; but my comfort is, I do not uſe it. Come away *Piero*, you have had a fine time on't.

Cleon. My Lord.

Grim. I follow Madam, yet have comfort,
Though reaſon and example urge our fears,
Heaven will not let you loſe ſo many tears. *Exeunt.*

Enter Foſcari, *and* Dulcino.

Foſc. Did ſhe receive my Letter with ſuch joy?

Dulc. I want expreſſion, my Lord, to give you
The circumſtance; with what a flowing love,
Or rather, with what glad devotion
She entertain'd it; at your very name,
For ſo I gheſt, to which her covetous ſight
Made the firſt haſte; one might have ſeen her heart
Dance in her eies, and as the wonder ſtrove
To make her pale, warm love did fortifie
Her cheeks with guilty bluſhes, ſhe did read
And kiſſe the paper often.

Foſc.

Fosc. This was before the Duke came thither?
Dulc. Yes, my Lord. *Fosc.* And didst thou not
Observe her at his presence slack that fervour
Her former passion had begot of me?
Was she not courtlie to him, Boy? *Dulc.* So far
As her great birth and breeding might direct
A Lady to behave her self to him, that was her Prince.
Fosc. She kiss'd him, did she not? *Dulc.* She kiss'd.
Fosc. He did salute her? *Dulc.* Yes, my Lord.
Fosc. And didst not see a flame hang on her lip,
A spirit busie to betray her love,
And in a sigh conveigh it to him? Oh
Thou canst not read a woman. Did he not
Wooe her to be his Dutchesse? *Dulc.* Yes, my Lord.
Fosc. Thou shouldst ha watcht her cheek then; there a blush
Had been a guilt indeed, a feeble answer,
With half a smile, had been an argument
She had been lost, and the temptation
Above her strength; which had I known, I could
Have slept, and never been disturb'd, although
I had met her in a dream.
Dulc. My Lord, you weave a causeless trouble to your self.
Fosc. Oh jealousie. I am asham'd——
Dulc. If ever any woman lov'd
With faith, *Cleona* honours you above
Mankind; 'twere sin, but to suspect so chaste,
So furnish'd with all vertue, your *Cleona*.
Fosc. It were indeed; I am too blame *Dulcino*;
Yet when thou comst to be so ripe, for so
Much miserie, as to love, thou wo't excuse me.
Dulc. My Lord, if I might not offend with my
Opinion, it were safest that you lose
No time, your presence would confirm a joy
To either, and prevent the Duke, whose strong
Solicits may in time endanger much
The quiet of your thoughts.
Fosc. O never, never, and I will reward
Her love beyond example: Thus *Dulcino*
Thou shalt return.
Dulc. My Lord, I had much rather

Write

Write on you to her.

Fosc. Tush, thou understandst not
What I have purpos'd, thou shalt presentlie
Go back, and tell *Cleona* I am dead.

Dulc. How, dead?

Fosc. I boy, that I am dead: nay, mark the issue.

Dulc. But my Lord, she hath your Letter
To check that.

Fosc. Thou shalt frame something to take
That off, some fine invention may be made,
To say 'twas forg'd, we'll studie that anon,
In the assurance of my death, which must
Be so delivered, as she shall believe thee,
She may affect the Duke. *Dulc.* Ho sir, the Duke?

Fosc. I, I, the Duke: for that's the plot, I must advance.

Dulc. And will you thus reward so great a love to you?

Fosc. Best, best of all,
Shall I be so ungrateful to a Ladie
Of such rare merit, when a Prince desires
To make her great? by my unworthie interest
Destroy her blessings, hinder such a fortune
From fair *Cleona?* Let her love the Duke;
In this I will expresse the height and glorie
Of my best service. *Dulc.* Are you sir in earnest?

Fosc. I love her, and can never see her more:
Posteritie shall learn new pietie
In love from me; it will become me look on
Cleona a far off, and only mention
Her name, as I do Angels in my prayer:
Thus she deserves I should converse with her;
Thus I most nobly love her. *Dulc.* Doth she languish
Expecting you, and shall I carrie death
To comfort her? good heaven forbid this Sir.

Fosc. Heaven doth engage me to it: she shall
Reign glorious in power, while I let fall my Beads
That she might prosper. Be not thou an enemy
To her and me, but do it, or never see more. *Exit.*

Dulc. I'm lost i'th springing of my hope, shall I
Obey him, to destroy my self? I must,

I dare not be my ſelf; no need have they
Of other force, that make themſelves away? *Exit.*

ACTUS 3. SCÆNA 1.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ſmell a Match agen: the Duke will fetch her about; here was another Ambaſſadour at dinner, and his Highneſſe is again expected: in confidence of my place that ſhall be, I will continue my ſtate poſture, uſe my Tooth-pick with diſcretion, and cough diſtinctly: what can hinder my riſing? I am no Schollar, that exception is taken away; for moſt our Stateſ-men do hold it a ſaucy thing, for any of their Servants to be wiſer than themſelves. *Enter* Dulcino.

Dulc. Worthy Sir——

Jac. My Lady ſhall be at leiſure for you preſently—— It may be you would ſpeak with me firſt?

Dulc. I only entreat my Lady may have knowledge That I wait here.

Jac. I will enrich my Ladies underſtanding; Ile ſay nothing elſe, but that you are here, ſhall I? That's enough if you have another Letter. *Dulc.* What then?

Jac. I would wiſh you deliver it to her own hand: but under your favour, the Contents of the laſt Chapter had like to undone us all, and *Cupid* had not bin more merciful.

Dulc. Fear nothing, the news I bring will make you merrie.

Jac. I'de laugh at that; howſoever you are heartilie welcome, and ever ſhall be: You do hear no harm of the Duke?

Dulc. No harm?

Jac. You ſhall hear more ſhortly: I ſay no more, but heaven bleſs my Ladie and his Highneſſe together, for my part, though I ſpeak a proud word—— I'le tell my Ladie that you attend her.

Dulc. I prithee do, and haſten the diſcharge
Of my ſad Embaſſie, which when I have done,
And that it proſpers in mine own misfortune,
I'le teach my breath to pray.

Enter Cleona, Fabrichio, Jacomo.

Fabr. A glorious fate Courts

Courts your acceptance, and I hope your wiſdom
Will teach you how to meet it, y'ave receiv'd
His Highneſs boſom, now Ile take my leave.
Cleon. Will you not ſee the Prince again?
Fabr. I ſaw his highneſſe walking with *Grimaldo*
Toward the garden, and the Duke expects me——
Think of a Dutches Madam.
Cleon. I'me not worthy,
And needs muſt ſink under the weight of ſuch
A title; my humbleſt ſervice to his grace,
I am his beads-woman. *Exit* Fabrichio.
Iac. Madam here's the youth.
Cleon. Art thou return'd already? why were you
So rude to make him waite? *Dul.* Since I arriv'd
'Tis but a pair of minutes. *Cleon.* They are worth
As many dayes. *Iac.* He ſhall be with your Ladiſhip
Next time before he come; when I but ſpye him
A mile off, Ile acquaint you in my duty
To your ſelf, and my honour unto him. *Cleon.* Withdraw.
Iac. Here is no couth, I do not like
My Ladies familiarity with a boy:
Methinks a man were fitter, and more able
To give her a refreſhing: but this Lobby
Shall be my next remove. *Exit, and ſtays behind the hangings.*
Dul. You will repent
This welcom Madam.
Cleon. What harſh ſound is that?
Thy looks upon a ſuddain are become
Diſmal, thy brow dull as *Saturns* iſſue;
Thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue
Were to pronounce ſome funeral. *Dul.* It is,
But let your vertue place a guard about
Your eare; it is too weak a ſence to truſt
With a ſad tale, that may diſperſe too ſoon
The killing ſillables, and ſome one or other
Find out your heart.
Cleon. The Mandrake hath no voice
Like this, the Raven and the night birds ſing
More ſoft, nothing in nature, to which fear
Hath made us ſuperſtitious, but ſpeak gently

Compar'd with thee; diſcharge thy fatall burthen,
I am prepar'd, or ſtay but anſwer me,
I will and ſave thy breath, and quickly know
The total of my ſorrow; is *Foſcari*
Dead ſince I ſaw thee laſt? or hath ſome wound,
Or other dire miſ-fortune ſeiz'd him for
The grave? that though he yet live, I may bid
My heart deſpair to ſee him. *Dulc.* None of theſe,
Since laſt I ſaw you Madam. *Cleon.* None of theſe?
Then I deſpiſe all ſorrow boy, there is
Not left another miſchief in my Fate;
Call home thy beauty, why doſt look ſo pale?
See I am arm'd, and can with valiant blood
Hear thee diſcourſe of my terror now;
Methinks I can in the aſſurance of
His ſafety, hear of Battails, Tempeſt, death,
With all the horrid ſhapes that Poets fancy;
Tell me the tale of *Troy* or *Rome* on fire,
Rich in the trophies of the conquered world,
I will not ſhed ſo many tears to ſave
The Temples, as my joy doth ſacrifice
To hear my Lord is well.
Dul. Turn them to grief
Agen, and here let me kneele, the accuſer
Of him, that hath deſerv'd more puniſhment,
Than your wrong'd piety will inflict.
Cleon. Doſt kneele, and call thy ſelf accuſer?
Dulc. Yes. *Cleon.* Of whom,
Thy Lord? take heed, for if I be thy judge
I ſhall condemn thee ere thou ſpeak. *Dul.* You may,
But I accuſe my ſelf, and of an injury
To you. *Cleon.* To me?
Dulc. Too great to be forgiven.
Cleona. My love to him thou ſerv'ſt hath found a pardon
Already for it; be it an offence
Againſt my life.
Dulc. For his ſake you muſt puniſh,
Dear Madam, I have ſinn'd againſt his ghoſt,
In my deceiving you.
Cleon. His Ghoſt? *Dul.* And if

His

His ſoul had not forgotten how he loved you,
I muſt expect him to affright my dreams,
The truth is, my Lord is dead.
Cleon. How dead? when? where? did I
Not hear thee ſay, ſince I receiv'd this letter,
He was alive?
Dulc. No Madam. *Cleon.* Be not impious.
Dul. I ſaid that neither death, nor any black
Misfortune had befalne him, ſince *I* gave
The letter to you.
Cleon. Grant this truth, *I* am ſecur'd agen.
Dul. 'Las he was dead before,
I'm ſure you could not chooſe but hear as much,
*I*t was my wickedneſs arriv'd to mock
Your credulous heart with a deviſed letter:
I know you are in wonder what ſhould move me
To this impoſture; ſure it was no malice,
For you nere injur'd me, and that doth make
My crime the more deform'd, all my aime was,
Being a ſtranger here, and wanting means
After my Lords death, by this cunning to
Procure ſome bounty from you to ſuſtain
My life, until by ſome good fortune, I
Might get another Maſter, for I knew
There was no hope to benefit my ſelf
By ſaying he was dead: good heaven forgive me,
And keep my eys from weeping,
Cleon. Thou haſt undone me,
Like a moſt cruel boy.
Dul. Madam *I* hope
I ſhall repair the ruines of your eye,
When I declare the cauſe that leades me to
This ſtrange confeſſion; I have obſerv'd
The Duke does love you, love you in that way,
You can deſerve him, and though I have ſinn'd,
I am not ſtubborn in my fault to ſuffer you
*I*n the belief of my deceitful ſtory,
To wrong your fortune by neglect of him
Can bring your merit ſuch addition
Of ſtate and title. *Cleon.* Doſt thou mock agen?

Dul.

Dul. Heaven knows I have no thought of such impiety,
If you will not believe that for your sake
I have betrayed my self, yet be so charitable,
To think it something of my duty to
The Duke, whose ends, while they are just and noble,
All loyal subjects ought to serve for him,
Whom *I* am not bound to honour, and *I* love him,
Else may *I* never know one day of comfort;
I durst not without guilt of treason to
His chaste desires deceive you any longer:
Collect your self dear Madam, in the grave
There dwells no musick, in the Dukes embrace
You meet a perfect happinesse. *Cleon.* Begon,
And never see me more; who ever knew
Falshood so ripe at thy years? *Exit.*

Dul. Is not yet
My poor heart broke? hath nature given it
So strong a temper that no wound will kill me?
What charm was in my gratitude to make me
Undoe so many comforts with one breath?
Or was it for some sin I had to satisfie?
I have not only widowed *Cleona*,
But made my self a misery beneath
An Orphant; I nere came to have a friend,
I ha destroy'd my hope, that little hope
I had to be so happy. *Jacomo comes forth.*

Jac. Is't e'ne so?
My friend what make you here? who sent for you? begon dee hear, begon I say the word too; there is a Porters lodge else, where you may have due chastisement, youle begon.

Dule. I'm sorry
I have offended Sir, *Exit. Dul.*

Jac. So am not I;
Let me see some body is dead, if I knew who, no matter 'tis one that my Lady lov'd, and *I* am glad to hear it for mine own sake; now *Venus* speed the Dukes plough, and turn me loose to a privy Councellor. Enter *Soranzo.*

Sor. Signior *Jacomo*, where's your Lady?

Jac. She is within my good Lord, wilt please you walk this way?

Sor.

Sor. Prethee make haſte, the Duke is coming. *Exeunt.*

Jac. I ſmell him hitherto. Enter *Jacomo preſently.* So ſo, I will take this opportunitie to preſent my ſelf to his Highneſs, that he may take particular notice of my bulk and perſonage, he may chance ſpeak to me, I have common places to anſwer any ordinarie queſtion, and for other, he ſhall find by my impudence, *I* come not ſhort of a perfect Courtier. Here he comes, *I* will diſſemble ſome contemplation, and with my Hat on, give him cauſe to obſerve me the better.

Enter the *Duke* and *Lords.*

Duk. VVhat fellow's that?

Giot. A ſervant of *Cleona's.* *The Duke extends his hand,* Jacomo *kiſſes it.*

Fabr. Signior?

Jac. Your Highneſs humble creature, you have bleſt my lips, and *I* will wear them thred-bare with my prayers for your Graces immortal proſperitie. Enter *Soranzo.*

Duk. *Soranzo* is return'd: How fares *Cleona?*

Sor. My Lord, not well, *I* found her full of ſadneſs, which is encreaſt, ſhe cannot, as becomes her durie, obſerve your Highneſs.

Jac. One word with your Grace in private; ſhe is as well, as either you or *I.* *Duk.* Saiſt thou ſo?

Jac. There came indeed certain news before you, that a noble Gentleman, *I* know not who, and therefore he ſhall be nameleſs, but ſome dear friend of hers is dead, and that's all, and that hath put her into a melancholie mood; with your gracious pardon, if *I* were worthie to be one of your Counſellors.——

Duk. VVhat then?

Jac. *I* would adviſe you, as others do, to take your own courſe; your Grace knows beſt what is to be done.

Duk. So ſir: Didſt thou not ſee the prettie boy *I* told thee of?

Sor. No my good Lord.

Duk. We are reſolv'd to comfort her; ſet forward.

Grim. You had ſimple grace.

Jacom. A touch or ſo, a beam with which his Highneſs
Doth uſe to keep deſert warm: good my Lord,
It is not come to that yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Foſcari* and a *Servant.*

Foſc. Go to the next religious houſe, and pray
Some hoſie father come and ſpeak with me:
But haſten thy Return. *Exit Ser.*

I muſt not entertain with the ſame thought
Cleona, and my love, leſt my own paſſion
Betray the Reſolution I ha made
To make my ſervice famous to all ages.
A legend that may ſtartle wanton blood,
And ſtrike a chilneſs in the active veins
Of nobleſt lovers, when they hear, or read,
That to advance a Miſtreſs, I have given her
From mine own heart, if anie ſhall be ſo
Impious at my memorie, to ſay
I could not do this act, and love her too,
Some power divine, that knew how much I lov'd her,
Some Angel that hath care to right the dead,
Puniſh that crime for me, he is come. *Enter* Valentio,
Welcom good father; *a religious man.*
I ſent to intreat your help, but firſt, pray tell me,
I have no perfect memorie, what Saint
Gives title to your Order? *Val.* We do wear
The Scapular of St. *Bennet* Sir. *Foſc.* Your Charitie
Make you ſtill worthie of that Reverend habit,
I have a great devotion, to be made
A brother of your ſacred inſtitution:
What perſons of great birth it hath receiv'd?
Val. To faſhion my Reply to your demand,
Is not to boaſt, though *I* proclaim the honours
Of our profeſſion; four Emperors,
Fortie ſix Kings, and one and fiftie Queens,
Have chang'd their Royal Ermines for our ſables,
Theſe Cowls have cloth'd the heads of fourteen hundred,
And ſix Kings ſons, of Dukes, great Marquiſes,
And Earls, two thouſand and above four hundred
Have turn'd their Princelie Coronets, into
An humble Coronet of hair left by
The Razor thus. *Foſc.* This, it is not.
There is a Sun ten times more glorious,
Than that which riſeth in the Eaſt, attracts me
To feed upon his ſweet beams, and become
A Bird of Paradiſe, a Religious man
To riſe from earth, and no more to turn back,
But for a Burial. *Val.* I hink what 'tis you do,

It

It is nothing to play the wanton with,
In the ſtrong bended paſſion of an humor,
For a friends death, a Kings frown, or perhaps
Loſs of a Miſtreſs. *Foſc.* O ſtill bleſs the guide
VVhatever, that ſhall lead this happie way.
Val. My Lord, the truth is like your Coat of Arms,
Richeſt when plaineſt; *I* do fear the world
Hath tyr'd you, and you ſeek a Cell to reſt in,
As Birds that wing it o're the Sea, ſeek ſhips,
*T*ill they get breath, and then they flie away.
Foſc. Do not miſtake a pietie, *I* am prepar'd,
And can endure your ſtrict mortifications.
Good Father then prefer my humble ſuit,
*T*o your Superior for the habit, and
Let me not long expect you, ſay *I* am,
Noble, but humbleſt in my thoughts. *Val.* *I* go,
Mean time examine well this new deſire,
Whether it be a wild flaſh, or a heavenlie fire. *Exit.*
Foſc. Now my good Boy. *Enter* Dulcino.
Dulc. Sir, your command is done,
And ſhe believes? *Foſc.* That *I* am dead *Dulcino*?
Dulc. That you are dead, and as ſhe now ſcorn'd life
Death lends her cheeks his paleneſs, and her eyes
Tell down their drops of ſilver to the earth,
VViſhing her tears might Rain upon your Grave,
To make the gentle earth produce ſome flower,
Should bear your names and memories.
Foſc. But thou ſeeſt,
I live *Dulcino.* *Dulc.* Sir, *I* ſhould be bleſt,
If *I* did ſee you ſought the means to live,
And to live happilie, O noble ſir
Let me untread my ſteps, unſay my words,
And tell your love, you live. *Foſc.* No my ſweet boy,
She thinks not much amiſs, *I* am a man
But of an hour or two; my will is made
And now *I* go, never more chearfullie,
To give eternal farewell to my friends.
Dulc. For heavens ſake ſir, what's this you mean to do?
There is a fear ſits cold upon my heart,
And tells me—— *Foſc.* Let it not miſinform thee boy;

I'le uſe no violence to my ſelf, I am
Reſolv'd a courſe, wherein I will not doubt,
But thou wilt bear me companie? we'll enter
Into Religion. *Dulc.* Into Religion?
Foſc. O'tis a heavenlie life, go with me Boy,
We'll imitate the ſinging Angels there,
Learn how to keep a Quire in heaven, and ſcorn
Earths tranſitorie glorie; wo't *Dulcino*?
Dulc. Alas my Lord, *I* am too young. *Foſc.* Too young
To ſerve heaven? Never, never; O take heed
Of ſuch excuſe. *Dulc.* Alas, what ſhall *I* do?
And yet *I*'me wearie of the world, but how
Can *I* do this? I am not yet diſcovered:
Sir, I ſhall ſtill attend you. *Foſc.* Thou art my comfort,
I have propounded it alreadie, to
A *Benedictine*, by whoſe means we may
Obtain the habit; ſtay thou and expect him,
I muſt be abſent for a little time,
To finiſh ſomething, will conduce to my
Eternal quiet, if th' haſt anie ſcruple,
He will direct thee, having both made even
With earth, we'll travail hand in hand to heaven. *Exit.*
Dulc. Fortune hath lent me a proſpective glaſs,
By which *I* have a look beyond all joyes,
To a new world of miſerie, what's my beſt
Let it be ſo, for *I* am hopeleſs now,
And it were well, if when thoſe weeds *I* have,
That I might go diſguiſed to my grave. *Exit.*

Enter *Lodwick* and *Grimundo.*

Lodw. This is ſtrange.
Grim. You know I have given you manie precepts of honeſtie?
Lodw. And you know how I have followed em.
Grim. To mine own heart, *I* have made tedious diſcourſes of heaven to ye, and the Moral Vertues, numbred up the duties of a good Prince, urg'd examples of vertues for your imitation.
Lodw. To much purpoſe.
Grim. Seem'd to ſweat with agonie and vexation, for your obſtinate courſes reprov'd you, nay, ſometimes made complaints of you to the Duke.
Lodw. And I ha' curſt you for it, *I* remember.

Grim.

Grim. Alas my Lord, *I* durſt do no otherwiſe: was not the Duke your father an honeſt man? and your brother now fooliſhlie takes after him, whoſe credulities, when *I* had alreadie cozened, *I* was bound to appear Stoical, to preſerve the opinion they had conceived of me. *Lodw.* Poſſible.

Grim. It ſpeaks diſcretion and abilities in States-men, to apply themſelves to their Princes diſpoſition, varie a thouſand ſhapes; if he be honeſt, we put on a formal of gravitie; if he be vitious, we are Paraſites. Indeed in a politique Commonwealth, all things are but Repreſentation, and my Lord, howſoever *I* have appear'd to you, *I* am at heart one of your own Sect, an Epicure; be but ſo ſubtle to ſeem honeſt, as *I* do, and we will laugh at the fooliſh world in our Cells, declaim againſt intemperate livers, and hug our own licentiouſneſs, while we ſurfet our ſouls in the dark with Nectar and Ambroſia.

Lodw. Can this be earneſt, you did talk of hell, and bug-bears?

Grim. *I* confeſs, and were you in publick, *I* would urge manie other emptie names to fright you, put on my holie-day countenance, and talk nothing but Divinitie, and golden ſentences.

Lodw. You were a Chriſtian, how came you to be converted?

Grim. *I* think *I* had a name given me, and that's all *I* retain; *I* could never endure reallie their ſevere diſcipline: Marrie for my preferment, and other politique ends, *I* have, and can ſtill diſpenſe with faſting, prayer, and a thouſand fond auſterities, though I do penance for em in private.

Lodw. Let me ask you one queſtion, were you never drunk?

Grim. A thouſand times in my ſtudie, that's one of my Recreations.

Lodw. How chance I could never ſee't in you? you know I would ha' been drunk for companie.

Grim. But I durſt not truſt ſo young a ſinner; for I alwayes held it a maxim, to do wickedneſs with circumſpection.

Lodw. Wickedneſs?

Grim. I ſpeak in the phraſe of the fooliſh world, that holds voluptuouſneſs a crime, which you and I, and everie wiſe man knows to be the onlie happineſs of life, and the inheritance we are born to.

Lodw. But ſtay, how comes it to paſs, that accounting me ſo young a ſinner, you now adventure to diſcover your ſelf?

Grim. To you? *Lodw.* To me.

Grim. Good my Lord conceive me, you were a young ſinner, and in your Nonage, does that infer that you have made no growth, that y' are a Child ſtill, dee think that I ha not wit to diſtinguiſh a Principiant in vice, from a Graduate, ſhall I be afraid to lay open my ſecret impieties to you, that are almoſt as perfect as my ſelf in Epicuriſm? *Lodw.* Verie well, proceed.

Grim. And yet my Lord, with your Princelie licence, you may learn too, and indeed the firſt vertue that I would commend to your practice, ſhould be that, by which I have attain'd to this height, and opinion, and that's hypocriſie. *Lodw.* Hypocriſie?

Grim. Yes, a delicate white Devil, do but faſhion your ſelf to ſeem holie, and ſtudie to be worſe in private, worſe, you'll find your ſelf more active in your ſenſualitie, and it will be another titillation, to think what an Aſs you make a' the believing world, that will be readie to dote, nay, ſuperſtitiouſlie adore you, for abuſing them.

Lodw. This is prettie wholſom doctrine, and hark you, ha you no wenches now and then?

Grim. Wenches? would the Duke your brother had ſo manie for his own ſake, or you either. *Lodw.* Haſt i'faith?

Grim. Why judge by your ſelf, how dee think a Gentleman ſhould ſubſiſt? I'le not give a Chip to be an Emperour, and I may not curvet as often as my conſtitution requires. Wenches, why *I* have as manie —— yet now I think better on't, I'le keep that to my ſelf, ſtore makes a good proverb.

Lodw. Nay, nay, be free and open to me, you have my oath not to betray.

Grim. Well, I'le not be nice to you, you little imagine (though *I* be married) that *I* am the greateſt Whoremaſter i'th' Dukedom. *Lodw.* Not the greateſt?

Grim. Have a ſtrong faith, and ſave my proofs; but *Caute ſi non Caſte*, my Nun at home knows nothing, like a Mole in the earth, I work deep, but inviſible; I have my private houſes, my Granaries, my Magaſines Bullie, as manie Concubines, as would, collected, furniſh the Great *Turks* Seraglio.

Lodw. How do you conceal em? *I* ſhould nere keep half ſo manie, but 'twould be known.

Grim. You are then a Novice in the Art of *Venus*, and will tell Tales out a' the School, like your weak gallants o' the firſt Chin, that will bragge what Ladies they have brought to their obedience,

bedience, that think it a mightie honour, to diſcourſe how many Forts they have beleaguer'd; how many they have taken by batterie; how many by compoſition, and how many by ſtratagem: a fine commendation for young whelps, is't not?

Lodw. A fault, a fault; who can deny it? But what are thoſe you practice with? A touch, come.

Grim. Not ſale-ware, Mercenary ſtuff; but rich, fair, high-fed, glorious, Ladies of blood; whoſe eys will make a ſouldier melt, and he were compos'd of marble; whoſe very ſmile hath a magnetick force to draw ſouls; whoſe voice will charm a Satyr, and turn a mans prayer into ambition.

Lodw. I have heard you; and now I think fit to diſcover my ſelf to you: You are a Raſcal. *Grim.* Sir, I think I am one.

Lodw. Let not your Wiſdome think, I can be ſo eaſilie gull'd.

Grim. How Sir? *Lodw.* You think you have talked very methodicallie, and cunninglie all this while, and that I am, as they ſay, a credulous Coxcomb, and cannot perceive, that by your politique jeers upon my pleaſures, you labour to diſcredit, not onlie my recreations, but my ſelf to my own face: D'ye hear? the time may come you will not dare theſe things, and yet you ſhall ſee, I will not now ſo much as ſeem angrie: preſerve your humour, 'twill appear freſh o'th' Stage, my learned Gymnoſophiſt; verie well, excellent well.

Grim. Why does not your Lordſhip believe me then?

Lodw. Do'ſt thou think throughout the year, I will loſe one minute of my paſtime, for this your toothleſſe Satyr? I'le to a Wench preſentlie.

Grim. I came to carrie you to one. *Lodw.* How, thou?

Grim. Do not deceive your ſelf; come, you ſhall believe, and thank me: go with me, and I will demonſtrate.

Lodw. Whither?

Grim. I'le carrie you to a Ladie; be not afraid, ſhe is honeſt; ſuch a charming brow, ſpeaking eie, ſpringing cheek, tempting lip, ſwelling boſome. *Lodw.* Will you lead me to ſuch a creature?

Grim. Yes. *Lodw.* And ſhall I?

Grim. And think your ſelf richer, than to be Lord of both the *Indies*; here's my hand, cut it off, if I do not this feat for you when you pleaſe; and when you are ſatisfied with her, I'le help you to fortie more: but we are interrupted.

Enter

Enter Giotto, Soranzo.

Giot. There he is with *Grimundo.*

Sor. His late Governour, he is giving him good counsell.

Giot. Pray heaven he have the grace to follow it.

Grim. Consider Sir, what will be the end
Of all these wicked courses.

Lodw. Precious Tutor.

Grim. We must be circumspect.

Lodw. No more: I have a crotchet new sprung:
Where shall I meet thee?

Grim. I'le expect you in the Park—— be very secret.
My Lord, I can but grieve for you. *Exit.*

Lodw. How have we all been couzen'd?
What, is my Brother here?

Sor. This hour, my Lord, he is now upon return.

Lodw. I'le see him, and then prepare me for this Ladie.
I feel a boiling in my veins alreadie;
This is the life of greatnesse, and of Court;
They're fools that will be frighted from their sport. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 4. SCÆNA 1.

Enter Lodwick *and* Piero.

Lodw. Do't and thou lov'st me.

Pier. What d'ye mean, my Lord?

Lodw. Nay, we must have such a deal of circumstance; I say, do it. *Pier.* What, that?

Lodw. That: is that such a piece of matter, does it appear so horrid in your imagination, that you should look as if you were frighted now? *Pier.* My Lord, it is——

Lodw. A thing your heat will prompt you to, but that you affect ceremonie, and love to be entreated.

Pier. With your Ladie?

Lodw. Yet again: you have not been observ'd so dull in a businesse of this supple nature.

Pier. But think on't agen; I pray you think a little better: I ha no great ambition to ha my throat cut.

Lodw. By whom?

Pier.

Pier. By you; you cannot chuſe but kill me for't when I have done. Your Ladie?

Lodw. Is your mountanous promiſe come to this? Remember; if I do not turn honeſt ——

Pier. My Lord, do but conſider — well, I will do what I can, and there be no remedie — but

Lodw. Never fear it, for if thou canſt but corrupt her, I'le ſue a Divorce preſentlie.

Pier. And bring me in for a witneſs? *Enter* Aſtella.

Lodw. She's here; fear nothing, I'le be thy protection; it were not amiſſe to caſt away ſome kindneſs upon her: nay, I was coming to take my leave.

Aſt. I know you never meant it.

Lodw. Thus my beſt intents are rewarded ſtill, the more ſin upon your conſcience; y'have a hard heart, but heaven forgive us all: *Aſtella* farewell; *Piero* expect my return here — pray entertain this Gentleman courteouſlie in my abſence, you know not how kindlie I may take it.

Aſt. I would you would enjoyn me any teſtimonie,
So I may be in hope to win your love.

Lodw. 'Tis in the will of women to do much; do not deſpair; the proudeſt heart is but fleſh, think a that.

Aſt. Of what?

Lodw. Of fleſh; and ſo I leave you. *Exit.*

Pier. Will't pleaſe you Madam walk into your Chamber? I have ſomething to impart will require more privacie.

Aſt. If it be grief 'tis welcome. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke *and* Lords.

Giot. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
A Stranger, but ſome Gentleman of qualitie,
Intending to leave *Savoy*, humbly prays
To kiſſe your hand.

Duk. A Gentleman: admit him.

Enter Foſcari *diſguiſed, and kiſſes the* Dukes *hand.*

Foſc. You are a gracious Prince, and this high favour
Deſerves my Perſon and my Sword, when you
Vouchſafe ſo much addition to this honour,
To call them to your ſervice. *Duk.* You are Noble.

Foſc. It is not complement my Lord alone,
Made me thus bold; I have a private meſſage,

Pleaſe

Pleaſe you command their diſtance.

Duk. Wait without. *Foſc.* Have you forgot this face?

Duk. Foſcari's ſhadow.

Foſc. The ſubſtance, Sir, and once more at your feet.

Duk. Return'd to life. Riſe; meet our arms: why in
This Cloud?

Foſc. Your pardon, Royal Sir; it will
Concern your Higneſſe to permit me walk
In ſome Eclipſe. *Duk.* How?

Foſc. I ſaid I had a meſſage:
I come from *Cleona*. *Duk.* From *Cleona*?

Foſc. And in her name I muſt
Propound a queſtion; to which ſhe prays
You would be juſt and noble in your anſwer.

Duk. Without diſputing your Commiſſion,
Upon mine honour——

Foſc. Princes cannot ſtain it: D'ye love her;

Duk. Do I love her? Strange.

Foſc. Nay, ſhe would have you pauſe, and think well e'r
You give her reſolution; for ſhe bid me tell you,
She has been much afflicted ſince you left her, about your love.

Duk. About my love? I prithee be more particular.

Foſc. I ſhall: So ſoon as you were gone, being alone, and full
Of melancholie thoughts. *Duk.* I left her ſo.

Foſc. Willing to eaſe her head upon her Couch,
Through ſilence, and ſome friendſhip of the dark,
She fell aſleep, and in a ſhort dream thought
Some Spirit told her ſoftly in her ear,
You did but mock her with a ſmooth pretence
Of love. *Duk.* Ha?

Foſc. More; that you were fallen from honour,
Have taken impious flames into your boſome;
That y'are a bird of prey, and while ſhe hath
No houſhold Lar, to wait upon her threſhold,
You would flie in, and ſeize upon her honour.

Duk. I hope ſhe hath no faith in dreams.

Foſc. She cannot tell; ſhe hath ſome fears, my Lord;
Great men have left examples of their vice:
If you but once more ſay you love *Cleona*,
And ſpeak it unto me, and to the Angels,

Which

Which in her prayers she hath invok'd to hear you,
She will be confident.

Duke. Though I need not
Give an account to any, but to heaven
And her fair self. *Foscari* thou shalt tell her
With what alacritie I display my heart:
I love her with chaste and noble fire; my intents are
Fair as her brow: tell her I dare proclaim it
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a millon of adoring Spirits
Hover about the Altar: I do love her——

Fosc. Enough: my Lord, be pleas'd to hear
What *I* have now to say; You have expreſt
A brave and vertuous soul, but *I* must not
Carrie this message to her; therefore take
Your own words back agen — for, *I* love *Cleona*
With chaste and noble fire; my intents are
Fair as her brow: *I* dare proclaim it Sir
*I*n my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring Spirits
Hover about the Altar.

Duk. Do ye mock me?

Fosc. Pardon a truth, my Lord: *I* have apparrel'd
My own sense with your language.

Duk. Do you come
To affront us? you had better ha been sleeping
*I*n your cold Urn, as fame late gave you out,
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,
Than live to move our anger.

Fosc. Spare your frowns: it is not breath
Can fright a noble truth; nor is there Magick
I'th' person of a King. *Duk.* You threaten us.

Fosc. Heaven avert so black a thought;
Though in my honours cause *I* can be flame,
My blood is frost to treason; yet *I* must tell you,
I love *Cleona* too; and *I* may say
You reach not my affection: *I* admit
You value her above your Dukedome, health;
That you would sacrifice your blood to avert
Any mishap should threaten that dear head;

All this is but above your ſelf: but *I*
Love her above her ſelf; and while you can
But give your life, and all you have to do
Cleona ſervice, *I* can give away
Her ſelf, (*Cleona*'s ſelf, in my love to her.
I ſee you are at looſe; *I*'le reconcile
All, ſhe is yours, this minute ends my claim;
Live, and enjoy her happilie; may you be
Famous in that beauteous Empire; She,
Bleſt in ſo great a Lord. *Duk.* *I* muſt not be
O'recome in honour; nor would do ſo great
A wrong to enjoy the bleſſing; *I* knew not
You were engag'd. *Foſc.* E're you proceed, *I* muſt
Beſeech you hear me out: *I* am but freſh
Return'd from travail; in my abſence, ſhe
Heard *I* was ſlain; at my return, upon
The hearing of theſe honours you intend her,
And which *I* now believe from your own lip,
I found a means, and have wrought her already
Into a firm belief that I am dead:
(For I have but pretended I came from her)
If for my ſake you leave her now, I can
Make good her faith and die; 't ſha' not be ſaid,
I liv'd and overthrew *Cleona*'s fortune.
Duk. Stale miracle of honour, and of love.
Foſc. If you proceed, as it concerns your happineſs,
I can ſecure all fear of me; I am
Reſolv'd a courſe wherein I will be dead
To her, yet live to pray for her and you,
Although I never ſee you more: will you
My Royal Lord. *Duk.* Did ever Lover plead
Againſt himſelf before? *Foſc.* I love her ſtill,
And in that ſtudie her advancement, Sir,
In you: I cannot give her.
Duk. Well, I will ſtill love her, and ſolicite.
Foſc. And not open that I am living.
Duk. Not a ſillable.
Foſc. I am confident, let me but kiſs your hand
Agen: my bleſſings dwell with you for ever. *Exit.*
Duk. He was alwaies noble; but this paſſion

Has

Has out-gone Hiſtorie: it makes for me:
Hail to my courteous fate; *Foſcari* thanks;
Like th' aged Phœnix thy old love expires,
And from ſuch death ſprings life to my deſires. *Exit.*

Enter Dulcino.

Dulc. The Father is not come yet; nor my Lord
Return'd; yet when they do, I have no way
To help my ſelf; nor have I power to go
From hence: ſure this is the Religious Man.

Enter Valentio.

Val. Ha, 'tis the ſame. *Dulc.* Father *Valentio?*
Val. Dear *Leonora?* *Dulc.* Sir, the ſame.
Val. Oh let
My tears expreſs my joys, what miracle
Gave you this libertie? *Dulc.* I was reſcued
By th' happie valour of a Gentleman,
To whom in gratitude I pay this ſervice:
He bid me here expect a holy man; and is it you?
Val. The circumſtance confirms it.
Dulc. Are you the good man whom my Lord expects?
'Tis ſome refreſhing in the midſt of ſorrow
To meet agen.
Val. And heaven hath heard my praier.
Dulc. But I am miſerable ſtill, unleſs
Your counſel do relieve me. *Val.* Why my charge?
Dulc. This noble Gentleman, to whom I owe
My preſervation, who appointed you
To meet him here, having reſolv'd to enter
Into Religion, hath been very urgent
For me to do ſo too; and overcome
With many importunities, I gave
Conſent, not knowing what was beſt to do:
Some cure, or I am loſt; you know I cannot
Mix with religious men. *Val.* Did you conſent?
Dulc. I did, and he is now upon the point
Of his return. *Val.* Y' are in a ſtraight I muſt
Confeſs; no matter, hold your purpoſe, and
Leave all to me. He is return'd. *Enter* Foſcari.
Foſc. Good Father,
Now I am readie; have you diſpos'd him for ſuch a life?

Val. He is constant to attend you,
I have prepar'd him, and made way to the Abbot
For your reception. *Fosc.* I am blest, *Dulcino*,
Nay no distinction now, methinks we move
Upon the wings of Cherubims alreadie;
'Tis but a step to heaven; come my sweet Boy,
We climbe by a short Ladder to our joy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodwick *and* Grimundo.

Grim. This, my Lord, is her Garden, into which you see
My Key hath given us a private accesse.

Lodw. 'Tis full of curiositie.

Grim. You see that Grove. *Lodw.* I do.

Grim. There is her house of pleasure: let your eie
Entertain some delight here, while I give her happie
Knowledge you are entred. *Exit.*

Lodw. Do so; an honest knave, I see that: how
Happie shall I be in his conversation? I sha not
Need to keep any in fee to procure, and he be
So well furnished: if ever I come to be Duke, I will
Erect a magnificent Colledge; endow it
With Revenue to maintain Wenches, and
With great Pensions invite the faireſt Ladies
From all parts of Christendome into my Seraglio;
Then will I have this fellow gelded, and make him
My chief Eunuch ranger, or overseer of all
My precious tame Fowl. *Enter 3 like Satyrs, and lie down.*
How now? what's this, some Furie asleep? Ile take another path; another? into what wilderness has this Fire-drake brought me? I dare not crie out for fear of waking 'em: would *Grimundo* were come back. *Enter one like* Silvanus.

Silv. Rise you drowsie Satyrs, rise;
What strong charm doth bind your eies?
See who comes into your Grove,
To embrace the Queen of Love;
Leap for joy, and frisk about,
Find your prettie Dryads out;
Hand in hand compose a ring,
Dance and circle your new King;
Him, *Silvanus* must obey, *Satyrs rise and run in.*
Hence, and crie a holiday. *Exit.*

Lodw.

Lodw. Some Mask; a device to entertain me, ha? And yet I see not how they should prepare so much ceremony, unlesse they had expected me. A curse upon their ill faces; they shook me at first: how now?

Enter Satyrs pursuing Nymphs, they dance together.

Exeunt Satyrs, 3 Nymphs seem to intreat him to go with them.

Have ye no tongues? yes *I* will venture my self in your company, and you were my destinies; wo'd there were no w[illegible]e in hell, must *I* walk like a bride too, fortune set on afore then, and thou dost not guide into a handsome place, wo'd thy eyes were out, and so thou maist be taken for the blind goddess indeed; forward to *Venus* Temple. *Exit.*

Recorders.

Enter again where the Nymphs suddainly leave him, a banquet brought in.

Lod. Vanished like Fayries? Ha, what musicks this? the motion of the Sphears, or am *I* in *Elisium*?

Enter Grimundo, *bare, leading* Belinda *richly attired, and attended by Nymphs.*

Here is *Grimundo*, ha? what glorious creatures this commits a rape upon my sences on every side, but when *I* look on her, all other admirations are forgot, and lessen in her glory.

Bel. My Lord y'are welcom; most welcom.

Grim. *I* have kept my word Sir.

Lod. Thou hast oblieg'd my soul.

Gri. Be high and frolick, she loves to see one
Domineer; when y'are throughly acquainted you'le
Give me thanks.

Lodw. Let us be private with at much speed as may be;
Away with those gossips, so, so.

Exeunt all but Lodwick and Belinda.

I forgot to ask her name: Lady am come.

Bel. Wilt please you use that chair?

Lodw. You are not ignorant
Of the intents my blood hath brought with me,
Grimundo I hope hath told my coming Lady.
And you *I*'me confident will justifie his promise
Of some pastime. *Bel.* He's a servant,
Whose bosom *I* dare trust the son of night,
And yet more secret than his mother, he

Hath power to engage me, and *I* ſhall
Take pride in my obedience; firſt be pleas'd
To taſte, what in my duty *I* prepar'd
For your firſt entertainment; theſe but ſerve
To quicken appetite.
Lodw. *I* like this well, *Recorders.*
I ſha not uſe much Courtſhip, where's this muſick?
Bel. Doth it offend your ear?
Lodw. 'Tis raviſhing, whence doth it breath?
Bel. If you command, weele change
A thouſand airs, till you find one is ſweet
And high enough to rock your wanton ſoul
Into Eliſian ſlumbers. *Lodw.* Spare them all,
I hear 'em in thy accents. *Bel. Orpheus*
Calliopes fam'd ſonne, upon whoſe Lute
Myriads of lovers ghoſts do wait and hang
Upon the golden ſtrings to have their own
Griefs ſoftned with his noble touch, ſhall come
Again from hell with freſh and happier ſtrains
To move your fancy.
Lodw. That were very ſtrange,
She is Poetical, more than half a fury:
But we prate all this while, and loſe the time
We ſhould imploy more preciouſly; *I* need
No more provocations, my veins are rich,
And ſwell with expectations: ſhall we to
This vaulting buſineſſe?
Bel. *I* ſhall hope my Lord
You will be ſilent in mine honour, when
You have enjoy'd me, and not boaſt my name
To your diſgrace, nor mine.
Lodw. Your name, why Lady?
By my deſires I know it not: I hope
You have receiv'd a better character,
Than to ſuſpect my blabbing: I'le not truſt
My Ghoſtly Father with my ſins, much leſſe
Your name. *Bel.* O let me flie into your arms,
Theſe words command my freedome; I ſhall love
You above my ſelf, and to confirm how much
I dare repoſe upon your faith, I'le not
Be nice to tell you who *I* am. *Lodw.*

Lod. Pray do. *Bel. I* am a Princeſs.
Lod. How? *Bel.* Believe me ſir.
Lod. I'm glad a that, but of what Countrey Ladie?
Bel. And my dominions are more ſpreading than
Your brothers. *Lod.* Ha?that's excellent;if the Villain
Do proſper with my wife, I'le marrie her.
Bel. I was not born to perch upon a Dukedom,
Or ſome ſuch ſpot of earth, which the dull eyes
Examine by a magnifying glaſs,
And wonder at; the *Roman* Eagles never
Did ſpread their wings upon ſo manie ſhores,
The ſilver Moon of *Ottoman* looks pale
Upon my great Empire; Kings of *Spain*,
That now may boaſt their ground, doth ſtretch as wide
As day, are but poor Landlords of a Cell,
Compar'd to mine inheritance; the truth is,
I am the Devil. *Lod.* How a Devil? *Bel.* Yes.
Be not affrighted Sir, you ſee I bring
No horror to diſtract you: if this preſence
Delight you not, I'le wearie a thouſand ſhapes
To pleaſe my Lord. *Lodw.* Shapes quotha.
Bel. Doe not tremble.
Lodw. A Devil? I ſee her cloven foot: I ha not
The heart to pray, *Grimundo* has undone me.
Bel. I did command my ſpirits to put on
Satyrs, and Nymphs to entertain you firſt,
Whiles other in the aire maintain'd a quire
For your delight: why do you keep ſuch diſtance
With one that loves you? Recollect your ſelf,
You came for pleaſure, what doth fright my love?
See I am covetous to return delight,
And ſatisfie your luſtful genius:
Come let us withdraw, and on the bed prepar'd
Beget a Race of ſmooth and wanton Devils—
Lod. Hold, come not near me; ha? now I compare
The circumſtances, they induce me to
A ſad belief, and I had breath enough
I would ask a queſtion. *Bel.* Anie thing, and be
Reſolved. *Lod.* How came *Grimundo* and your Devilſhip
Acquainted? *Bel.* He hath been my Agent long,

And

And hath deserv'd for his hypocrisie,
And private sins, no common place in hell,
He's now my favourite, and we enjoy
Each other dailie; but he never did
By anie service more endear my love,
Than by this bringing you to my acquaintance,
Which I desir'd of him long since, with manie
And fierce sollicite, but he urg'd his fear,
You were not ripe enough in sin for his
Discoverie. *Lod.* I feel my self dissolve
In sweat. *Bel.* My Lord, I must acknowledge, I
Have ever had you in my first regard
Of anie mortal sinner, for you have
The same propention with me, though with
Less malice, spirits of the lower world
Have several offices assign'd; some are
To advance pride, some avarice, some wrath;
I am for lust, a gay voluptuous Devil,
Come lets embrace, for that I love my Lord,
Do, and command a Regiment of hell,
They all are at your service. *Lod.* O my soul!
Bel. Beside my Lord, it is another motive
To horour you, and by my chains which now
I have left behind, it makes me grow enamour'd;
Your wife that sayes her prayers at home, and weeps
Away her sight; O let me hug you for it,
Despise her vows still, spurn her tears agen
Into her eyes, thou shalt be Prince in hell,
And have a Crown of flames, brighter than that
Which *Ariadne* wears of fixed stars;
Come shall we dallie now? *Lod.* My bones within
Are dust alreadie, and I wear my flesh
Like a loose upper garment. *Bel.* Y' are afraid,
Be not so pale at Liver, for I see
Your blood turns coward, how would you be frighted
To look upon me cloath'd with all my horror,
That shudder at me now? call up your spirit.
Lod. There are too manie spirits here alreadie,
Would thou wert conjur'd, what shall I do?
Bel. What other than to bathe your soul in pleasure,

And

And never heard of Raviſhings; we two
Will progreſs through the aire in *Venus* Charriot,
And when her ſilver Doves grow faint and tire,
Cupid and *Mercury* ſhall lend us wings,
And we will viſit new worlds when we are
Wearie of this, we both will back the winds,
And hunt the *Phœnix* through the *Arabian* Deſerts,
Her we will ſpoil of all her ſhining plumes,
To make a blazing Coronet for thy Temples,
Which from the earth beheld, ſhall draw up wonder,
And puzzle learned Aſtronomie to diſtinguiſh it
From ſome new Conſtellation, the Sea
Shall yield us paſtime, when inveloped
With clouds blacker than night, we range about;
And when with ſtorms we overthrow whole Navies,
We'll laugh to hear the Mariners exclaim
In manie thouſand ſhipwracks; what do I
Urge theſe particulars? let us be one ſoul,
Aire, earth, and hell is yours. *Lod.* I have a ſuit,
But dare not ſpeak. *Bel.* Take courage, and from me
Be confident to obtain. *Lod.* I am not well,
The name of Dill came too quick upon me,
I was not well prepar'd for ſuch a ſound,
It turn'd my blood to Ice, and I ha not
Recovered ſo much warmth yet, to deſire
The ſport I came for; would you pleaſe but to
Diſmiſs for me a time, I would return
When I have heat and ſtrength enough for ſuch
A ſprightful action. *Bel.* I do find your cunning,
You pretend this excuſe but to gain time,
In hope you may repent. *Lod.* And pleaſe your Grace
Not I. *Bel.* You will acquaint ſome Prieſt or other,
A tribe of all the world I moſt abhor,
And they will fool you with their Ghoſtlie counſel,
Perplex you with ſome fond Divinitie,
To make you loſe the glories I have promis'd.
Lod. I could never abide ſuch melancholie people.
Bel. In this I muſt betray, we ſpirits we have
No perfect knowledge of mens thoughts; I ſee
Your bloods infeebled, and although my love

Be infinite, and everie minute I
Shall languiſh in your abſence, yet your health
I muſt preſerve, 'tis that feeds my hopes,
Hereafter I ſhall perfectlie enjoy thee;
You will be faithful, and return. *Lod.* Suſpect not.
Bel. One kiſs ſhall ſeal conſent.
Lod. Her breath ſmells on brimſtone.
Bel. For this time I'le diſmiſs you—do not pray,
A ſpirit ſhall attend you.
Lod. Do not pray, when did I laſt? I know not, farewell horror,
He wants a wench that goes to the Devil for her. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS. 5. SCÆNA. 1.

Enter *Aſtella and Piero.*

Aſt. Touch me not Villain, pietie defend me,
Art thou a man, or have I all this while
Converſt with ſome ill Angel in the ſhape
Of my Lords friend. *Pier.* What needeth all this ſtir,
I urge your benefit. *Aſtel.* To undo my name,
Nay ſoul for ever with one act. *Pier.* One act;
There be thoſe Ladies that have acted it
A hundred times, yet think themſelves as good
Chriſtians as other women, and do carrie
As much opinion too for vertue. *Aſtel.* Heaven.
Pier. What harm can there be in't, can you neglect
Revenge ſo juſt, ſo eaſie, and delightful?
Aſt. Thy breath doth ſcatter an infection.
Pier. Scatter a toy, be wiſe, and loſe no time,
You know not when ſuch opportunitie
May tempt you to't again; for my own part
I can but do you a pleaſure in't, your blood
Should need no other argument. *Aſt.* I'le ſooner
Emptie my veins, not to redeem thy ſoul,
Should ſin betray mine honour to one looſe
Embrace: hence Traytor, I do feel corruption
I'th aire alreadie, it will kill me if
I ſtay: hereafter I'le not wonder how

My

My Lord became ſo wicked. *Pier.* You will lead me
To ſo'ne more private Room, I'le follow Madam. *Exeunt*

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. More private Room ſaid he? I ſmell a buſineſs, I thought this Gameſter had been gone, is it e'ne ſo, have at your Burrough Madam, he's a ſhrewd Ferret I can tell you, and juſt in the nick here comes the Warrener. *Enter Lodwick.*

Lod. This Devil does not follow me, nor anie of her Cubs I hope, I'm glad I came off ſo well, I never was ſo hot to engender with the Night-mare; could *Grimundo* find no other creature for my coupling but a *Succubus*, methinks I ſmell the fiend ſtill. *Jac.* He talks on her already. *Lod.* I am verie jealous.

Jac. Not without a cauſe my Lord.

Lod. Ha? there ſhe is agen.

Jac. No my Lord, ſhe is new gone into the withdrawing cham (ber

Lod. Ha? who? who is gone?

Jac. A Gentlewoman that you were late in companie with.

Lod. The Devil? look well about you then, a ſpirit
Of her conſtitution will ſet the houſe on fire
Inſtantlie, and make a young hell on't, when
Came ſhe? I ſhall be everlaſtinglie haunted
With goblings, art ſure thou ſaweſt her?

Jac. Saw her, yes, and him too. *Lod. Grimundo?*

Jac. No not *Grimundo*, but *I* ſaw another Gentleman
That has been held a notable ſpirit,
Familiar with her. *Lod.* Spirit and familiar.

Jac. Piero my Lord. *Lod. Piero?*

Jac. I wonot ſay what *I* think, but *I* think ſomewhat,
And *I* know what *I* ſay, if ſhe be a Devil, as ſhe
Can be little leſs, if ſhe be as bad as *I* imagine,
Some bodies head will ake for't, for mine own
Part *I* did but ſee and hear, that's all, and
Yet *I* ha not told you half.

Lod. Let me collect, ſure this fellow by th' circumſtance
Means *Aſtella*; thou talkeſt all this while of my Ladie
Doeſt not?

Jac. Yes my Lord, ſhe is all the Ladies in the houſe;
For my Ladie and Miſtriſs was ſent for
To the Abbey.

Lod. I had forgotten my ſelf, this is new horror,

Is my Ladie and *Piero* ſo familiar ſaiſt, and
In private?

Jac. What I have ſaid, I have ſaid; and what they have
Done, they have done by this time.

Lod. Done? and I'le be active too.

Jac. Shew what feats of activitie you pleaſe. *Ex. Lod.*
So ſo, now I am alone, which is, as
The learned ſay, *Solus cum ſola*, I will entertain
Some honourable thoughts of my preferment. *Enter Piero.*
Hum, the Gameſter is returned; what melancholie? then
He has don't, I'le lay my head to a fools Cap on't,
I was alwayes ſo my ſelf after my capring.
Did you not meet the Prince ſir? *Pier.* No, where is he?

Jac. He was here but now, and enquired how his Ladie did, and *I* told him you could tell the ſtate of her bodie better than I. for—— *Pier.* I did but ſee her.

Jac. That's not the right on't, it runs for *I* did but kiſs her, for *I* did but kiſs her. *Pier.* It was enough for me to kiſs her hand. *I* am ſuſpected, *I* muſt turn this fools diſcourſe
Another way, the preſent theam is dangerous:
What *I* hear ſay *Jacomo*, your Ladie is like to riſe?

Jac. My Ladie does riſe as earlie as other Ladies do that go to bed late.

Pier. And there will be a notable preferment for you.

Jac. 'Tis verie likelie my Ladie underſtands her ſelf.

Pier. There is a whiſper abroad. *Jac.* 'Tis a good hearing.

Pier. What if ſhe be married in this abſence?

Jac. Verie likelie; I ſay notthing, but I think I know my Ladies ſecrets for the triumph, as pageants, or running at tilt, you may hear more ſhortlie, there may be Reaſons of State to have things carried privatelie, they will break out in Bells and Bonefires hereafter; what their Graces have intended for me I conceal. *Pier.* He is wound up alreadie.

Jac. You are a Gentleman *I* ſhall take particular notice of.

Pier. But what if after all this imagination of a marriage, fortune ſhould forbid the banes?

Jac. How? fortune's a ſlut, and becauſe ſhe is a whore her ſelf, would have no Ladie marrie and live honeſt. *Enter Lodw.*

Lod. *Piero*, where's *Piero*? *Pier.* Ha my Lord *I* ha don't.

Lod. Ha, what?

Pier.

Pier. I ha pleas'd thy excellence, and you had made more haſte, you might a come to the fall a'th' Deer.

Lod. Th'aſt not enjoy'd her?

Pier. They talk of *Jupiter*, and a golden ſhower,
Give me a *Mercury* with wit and tongue,
He ſhall charm more Ladies on their backs,
Than the whole bundle of gods pſhew.

Lod. Shoot not ſo much compaſs, be brief and anſwer me; haſt thou enjoy'd her?

Pier. I have, ſhall *I* ſwear?

Lod. No, thou wilt be damn'd ſufficientlie without an oath; in the mean time I do mean to reward your nimble diligence: draw.

Pier. What dee mean?

Jac. And you be ſo ſharp-ſet I do mean to withdraw. *Exit.*

Lod. *I* do mean to cut your throat, or periſh i'th attempt, you ſee your deſtinie, my birth and ſpirit wo'not let me kill thee in the dark; draw, and be circumſpect.

Pier. Did not you engage me to it? have I done anie thing but by your directions? my Lord.

Lod. 'Tis all one, my mind is altered, *I* will ſee what complexion your heart bears; if I hit upon the right vein, I may cure your diſeaſe a'th blood.

Pier. Hold, and there be no remedie, *I* will die better than *I* ha liv'd; you ſhall ſee ſir that *I* dare fight with you, and if *I* fall by your ſword, my baſe conſent to act your will deſerves it.

Lod. Ha?

Pier. I find your policie, and by this ſtorm
You'd prove my Reſolution, how boldlie *I*
Dare ſtand to't when this great
Diſhonour comes to queſtion, prepare
To be diſpleaſed ——— ſhe is a miracle
Of Chaſtitie, impenetrable like
A marble, ſhe returned my ſinful arrows,
And they have wounded me; forgive me Ladie.

Lod. I prethee tell me true; now thou ſhalt ſwear,
Haſt thou not don't.

Pier. Not by my hope of heaven
Which I had almoſt forfeited, had not ſhe
Relieved me with her vertue; in this truth

I dare reſign my breath.

Lodw. *I* dare believe thee:
What did I ſee in her to doubt her firmneſs?

Enter Jacomo *and* Aſtella.

Jac. Here they are Madam, you do not mean to
Run upon their weapons.

Lodw. *Piero* thou ſhalt wonder.

Aſt. What means my Lord?

Lodw. You ſhall know that anon;
My Ladie go with me.

Aſt. VVhither you pleaſe,
You ſhall not need to force me ſir, you may
Lead me with goſſamere, or the leaſt thread
The induſtrious Spider weaves.

Jac. Whimſies.

Pier. What furie thus tranſport him at ſome diſtance,
I'le follow him, he may intend ſome violence,
She is too good to ſuffer, *I* ſhall grow
In love with my converſion. *Exit.*

Jac. Grow in love with a Cockſcomb, his laſt words
Stick on my ſtomack ſtill fortune forbid the banes
Quotha ſhid if fortune, ſ ould forbid the banes,
And my Ladie be not converted into a Dutcheſs
Where are all my offices? *Exit.*

Recorders. *Chairs prepared.*

Enter Soranzo, Gietto.

Sor. Know you not who they are my Lord this day
Receive the habit?

Gio. I can meet with no intelligence.

Sor. They are perſons of ſome qualitie——

Gio. The Duke does mean to grace their Ceremonie.

Sor. He was invited by the Abbot to their cloathing.

Gio. Which muſt be in private too, here in his lodgings.

Sor. Well we ſhall not long expect 'em, his Grace enters.

Enter Duke, Grimundo.

Gri. *It* helpt much that he never ſaw my wife.

Duk. Doſt think 'twill take?

Gri. There's ſome hope my Lord alreadie,
And heaven may proſper it.

Duk. We cannot endear thee to thy merit.

Sor.

Sor. How the Duke embraces him.

Enter Cleona attended.

Duk. *Cleona* you are welcom, 'tis a bleſt
Occaſion that makes us meet ſo happilie.
Cleon. It pleas'd my Lord Abbot to invite me hither.
Duk. I appear'd too upon his friendlie ſummons,
We'll thank him for this preſence.
Sor. The Abbot enters.

Enter the Abbot, attended with Religious men, having bowed to the Duke, he taketh a Chair; being ſate, Valentio *goes out, and preſently enters, leading* Foſcari *and* Dulcino *in St.* Bennets *habit, he preſents them, they kneel at the Abbots feet.*

Abb. Speak your deſire.
Foſc. We kneel to be received into the number
Of thoſe Religious men that dedicate
Themſelves to heaven i'th' habit of St. *Bennet*,
And humblie pray that you would rectifie
And teach our weak devotion the way
To imitate his life, by giving us
The precepts of your order.
Abbot. Let me tell you,
You muſt take heed the ground of your Reſolve
Be perfect; yet look back into the ſpring
Of your deſires, Religious men ſhould be
Tapers, firſt lighted by a holie beam:
Meteors may ſhine like ſtars, but are not conſtant.
Foſc. We covet not the blaze, which a corrupt
And ſlimie matter may advance, our thoughts
Are flam'd with charitie.
Abb. Yet ere you embark,
Think on your hard adventure, there is more
To be examin'd beſide your end,
And the Reward of ſuch an undertaking;
You look on heaven afar off, like a land-skip,
Whether wild thoughts like your imperfect eye,
Without examination of thoſe wayes,
Oblique and narrow are tranſported, but

I'th'

I'th walk and tryal of the difficulties
That interpose, you tire like inconsiderate
And wearie Pilgrims.
Fosc. We desire to know
The Rules of our obedience.
Abb. They will startle
Your Resolutions; can your will, not us'd
To anie Law beside it self, permit
The knowledge of severe and positive limits?
Submit to be controul'd, imploy'd sometime
In servile offices, against the greatness
Of your high birth and sufferance of nature?
Can you, forgetting all youthful desire,
And memorie of the worlds betraying pleasures,
Check wanton heat, and consecrate your blood
To Chastitie, and holie solitude?
Sor. I wonot be Religious *Giotto.*
Giot. Nor I, upon these terms, I pitie em.
Abb. Can you quit all the glories of your state,
Resign your titles and large wealth, to live
Poor and neglected, change high food and surfets
For a continual fasting, your down-beds
For hard and humble lodging, your gilt Roofs
And Galleries for a melancholie Cell,
The pattern of a grave, where, stead of musick
To charm you into slumbers, to be wak'd
With the sad chiming of the sacring Bell;
Your Robes, whose curiositie hath tyred
Invention, and the Silk-worm to adorn you,
Your blaze of Jewels, that your pride have worn
To burn out Envies eyes, must be no more
Your ornament, but coarse, and rugged cloathing
Harrow your skins; these, and manie more
Unkind austerities will much offend
Your tender constitutions; yet consider.
Duk. He does insist much on their state and honour:
May we not know em yet?
Val. One of them sir
Doth owe this character. *Gives him a paper.*
Duk. It is *Foscari*,

I find his noble purpoſe, he is perfect:
I honour thee young man, ſhe muſt not ſee
This paper. *Gives another paper.*

Val. This doth ſpeak the other Sir.

Duk. 'Tis at large——ha——*Grimundo*, I prithee read,
I dare not credit my own eyes: *Leonora*,
So it begins, *Leonora*.

Grim. *Leonora*, Daughter to the late *Gonzaga*, Duke
Of *Millan*, fearing ſhe ſhould be compelled to marry
Her Uncle, in the habit of a Page, and the conduct
Of Father *Valentio*, came to *Savoy*, to try the
Love and honour of his Excellence, who once
Solicited by his Embaſſador——

Duk. No more, *I* am extaſied;
If ſo much bleſſing may be met at once,
Ile do my heart that juſtice to proclaim
Thou hadſt a deep impreſſion; as a boy
I lov'd thee too, for it could be no other,
But with a Divine flame; fair *Leonora*,
Like to a perfect magnes, though incloſ'd
With an *Ivorie* box, through the white wall
Shot forth imbracing vertue: now, oh now
Our Deſtinies are kind.

Foſc. This is a miſterie, *Dulcino?*

Leon. No my Lord, I am diſcovered;
You ſee *Leonora* now, a *Millan* Ladie,
If *I* may hope your pardon——

Duk. Love and honour
Thou doſt enrich my heart: *Cleona* read,
And entertain the happineſs to which
Thy Fate predeſtin'd thee, whilſt *I* obey
Mine here. *Cleona reads.*

Cleon. How, my Lord *Foſcari?*
If he be living, *I* muſt die before
This ſeparation be confirm'd; my joy
Doth overcome my wonder; can you leave
The world, while *I* am in't?

Foſc. Dear'ſt *Leonora!*
Then willinglie *I* diſpence with my intention,
And if the Duke have found another Miſtris,

It ſhall be my devotion to pray here,
And my Religion to honour thee.
Ab. Manie bleſſings crown this union.
Fo c. Your pardon gracious Princeſſe,
I did impoſe too much. *Leon. I* ſtudied
To be your grateful Servant, as your ſelf
Unto the fair *Cleona*; we are all happie.
Enter Lodwick, Aſtella, *and* Piero.
Lodw. They're here; by your leave Brother, my Lord Abbot,
Witneſs enough.
Duk. Why thus kneels *Lodwick?*
Lodw. To make confeſſion Brother, and beg heavens,
And everie good mans pardon, for the wrong
I ha done this excellent Ladie, whom my ſoul
New marries, and may heaven—— ha, do not hold
A juſtice back: *Grimundo* is a traitor,
Take heed on him, and ſay your praiers; he is
The Devils grand Solicitor for ſouls.
He hath not ſuch another cunning engine i'th
World to ruine vertue. *Grim. I*, my Lord?
Lodw. You are no hypocrite: he does everie night
Lie with a *Succubus*; he brought me to one,
Let him denie it; but heaven had pittie on me.
Enter Belinda.
Ha! there ſhe is: do you not ſee her? Devil
I do defie thee: my Lord, ſtand by me:
I will be honeſt ſpight of him and thee,
And lie with my own Wife.
Giot. Sure the Prince is mad.
Duk. O riſe moſt noble Ladie, well deſerving
A ſtatue to record thy vertue. *Lodw.* Ha?
Duk. This is *Grimundo's* Wife.
Lodw. 'Tis ſo, my Lord.
Bel. No Devil, but the ſervant of your vertue,
That ſhall rejoice if we have thriv'd in your converſion.
Aſt. I hope it.
Lodw. Have *I* bin mockt into honeſtie?
Are not you a Furie? and you a ſlie and ſubtile Epicure?
Grim. I do abhor the thought of being ſo:
Pardon my ſeeming, Sir. *Ab.* O go not back,

Prevent

Prevent thus ſeaſonable your real torment.
Lodw. I am fullie wakened, be this kiſſe the Pledge
Of my new heart.
Pier. True love ſtream in your boſomes;
Ladie forgive me too. *Aſt.* Moſt willinglie.
Duk. Our joy is perfect: *Lodwick* ſalute
A Siſter in this Ladie *Leonora*,
The object of our firſt love; take the ſtory
As we return: Lord *Abbot* we muſt thank
You for contriving this; and you good Father.
Embaſſadors ſhall be diſpatcht to *Millan*,
To acquaint 'em where, and how their abſent Princeſs
Leonora hath diſpos'd her ſelf; mean while,
Poets ſhall ſtretch invention, to expreſs
Triumphs for thee, and *Savoys* happineſs.

Exeunt Omnes.

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